THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Sunday, Aug. 9, 1936

Seven Types of American Girls - No. 4 - Debutante

Painted for This Page by Zoe Mozert

Sweepstakes But With Cattle Running Double

The Cattle Are Ornately Decorated Before the Race and Take Part in a Parade Around the Racing Course.

Men Are Actually Driving the Beasts, but They Are Crouched So Low in the Wheel-less Vehicles That They Are Practically Invisible. One Can Be Seen Partly, Above the Shoulder of the Steer on the Right.

All Prettied Up for the Parade Before the Race—A Closeup of a Prize Animal.

NOT many tourists find their way to the island of Madoera in the Dutch East Indies, even though it is close by Java. But those who do, and happen to be there during the month of September, can witness an entrance and exciting a series of races as are staged anywhere in the world.

The Madoerase are expert at breeding cattle and are extremely proud of their animals. There is keen competition among them and this rivalry comes to a head once a year in a sweepstakes in which teams of bulls are raced in pairs as the photographs above show.

The spirited animals are elaborately dressed in embroidered and spangled trappings and are trained for months for their annual appearance on the race track. The owners groom them as carefully as horses are groomed on the tracks of this country and Europe and sometimes bet large sums of money on their entries.

The photographs do not plainly show the manner in which the teams of bulls are joined, but there is a sort of bar attached to the lightweight yokes of the cattle. The "jockey" crouches low on this bar gripping reins and urging the steeds around the track.

It might seem that cattle racing would be a tame sport in comparison with the running of thoroughbred horses, but people who have attended the East Indian sweepstakes say that it is at once a strange spectacle and an exciting one. The bulls are surprisingly fast on their feet and seem to understand that they are racing for honor and for money. Their drivers yell loudly and "Garrison finishes" (close races) are frequent.

The cattle races take on great importance because the breeder whose team wins is acclaimed as the island's outstanding cattleman for a year. At an elaborate ceremony he and his bulls are decorated with festoons of flowers in much the same way that the winner of the Kentucky Derby is honored with a horseshoe-shaped bouquet of roses.

Many of the cattle breeders have private racing courses over which they run their entries to get them in shape for the season's big sporting event. Just like American trainers they time the performance of the big animals so that they have a fair idea of their chances of capturing first honors.

On the day of the big race the stands are packed with people and special boxes are reserved for native nobles and the Dutch officials who control Madoera's political and economic affairs.

Before the contest a grand parade is staged with the owners proudly leading their teams of bulls around the track.

"Park Your Pups Here" Says Adroit Milliner

NOT long ago an up-and-coming milliner with a shop in one of England's seaside towns noticed that many of her customers had dogs. She also observed that these pups were something of a nuisance in the shop and that their mistresses spent much of their time warning "Fifi" or "Rex" to stop doing this and quit doing that. The dogs interfered with the efficient conduct of business and often put their owners in an frame of mind to purchase hats.

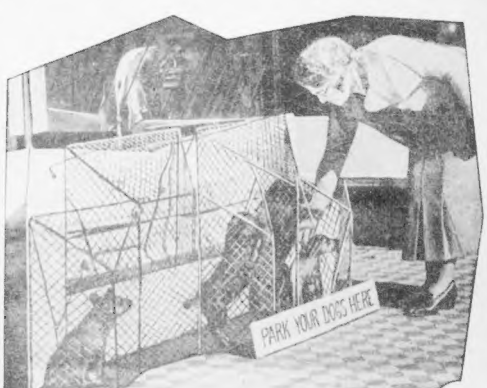
The milliner remembered that in the cellar of her home she had several fireplace screens that had been left there by a former tenant. And she had a bright idea. How well it worked out is shown in the photograph below.

These cage-like gadgets were set up on the sidewalk in front of the shop with their open ends against the wall. Stout hooks were put up to hold the screens in place so that restive dogs couldn't knock them over and wander into the store or escape into the street. A sign painter was engaged to do a neat board with the words, "Park your dogs here."

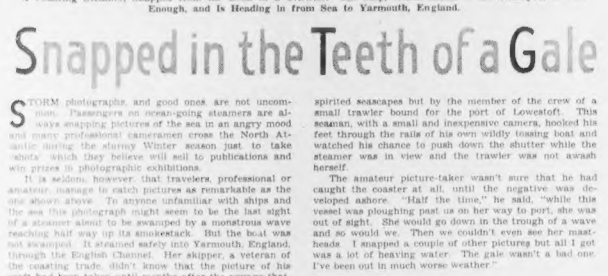
The equipment cost less than four shillings and it had exactly the result the shopkeeper hoped it might have. Women lured upon buying hats were glad to be rid of their pets while they were trying on the newest styles in headgear and were in a much calmer frame of mind to listen to suggestions from the milliner. Most of them stayed in the shop much longer than they would if the dogs were leashed to a chair or snooping about on the loose.

The screens and the sign turned out to be good advertising, too, for everyone who passed by the shop saw these things, found them amusing and talked about them. Women who never had been inside the place before dropped in to compliment the milliner on her ingenuity and amusement and as often as not, to go home with a new hat.

About two years ago a similar innovation was introduced in Philadelphia by Dr. Alan Bushrod, who operates a dog hospital on North Broad street. In the side of the building beside the entrance to the hospital the doctor had a "dog bar" installed. The bar was so made that a basin about a foot square rested on it about two below the level of the sidewalk. This basin was kept filled with clean, cool, running water. Along its front a low brass rail was erected and above the fountain was a sign reading, "Dog Bar."



An Enterprising British Milliner Has Invented the Idea of a Parking Place for Pampered Pets to Stimulate Her "Carriage Trade." Her Parking Kennels Outside Her Shop Are Pictured Above.



A Coasting Steamer, Snapped from the Deck of a Trawler. The Ship, Which Seems to Be Swamped, Is Safe Enough, and Is Heading in from Sea to Yarmouth, England.

Snapped in the Teeth of a Gale

STORM photographs, and good ones, are not uncommon. Passengers on ocean-going steamers are always snapping pictures of the sea in an angry mood and many professional cameramen cross the North Atlantic during the stormy Winter season just to take "shots" which they believe will sell to publications and win prizes in photographic exhibitions.

It is seldom, however, that travelers, professional or amateur, manage to catch pictures as remarkable as the one shown above. To anyone unfamiliar with ships and the sea this photograph might seem to be the last sight of a steamer about to be swamped by a monstrous wave reaching half way up its smokestack. But the boat was not swamped. It steamed safely into Yarmouth, England, through the English Channel. Her skipper, a veteran of the coasting trade, didn't know that the picture of his craft had been taken until months after the voyage that, in his opinion, was uneventful.

When a friend showed him a clipping of the picture cut from a British magazine, he looked at it a moment and remarked, "Yes, there was a bit of a blow that trip, but I've been out in much worse storms and, as I remember it, we weren't more than a day late making port."

Artists and photographers have called the picture one of the best of its kind ever taken, and it seems likely that the "study" will take many prizes in exhibitions in the British Isles and on the Continent. One British nobleman, well known for his collection of marine paintings, has commissioned an artist to make a large copy of the photograph in oils.

Strangely enough, the unusual picture was an accident. It wasn't taken by someone with a snack for catching spirited seascapes but by the member of the crew of a small trawler bound for the port of Lowestoft. This seaman, with a small and inexpensive camera, hooked his feet through the rails of his own wildly tossing boat and watched his chance to push down the shutter while the steamer was in view and the trawler was not awash herself.

The amateur picture-taker wasn't sure that he had caught the coaster at all, until the negative was developed ashore. "Half the time," he said, "while this vessel was ploughing past us on her way to port, she was out of sight. She would go down in the trough of a wave and so would we. Then we couldn't even see her masts heads. I snapped a couple of other pictures but all I got was a lot of heaving water. The gale wasn't a bad one. I've been out in much worse weather."

All Dated Up for the Season

TIME was—and not so many years ago, either—when the bathing suits that members of the fair sex wore during their decorous romps beside the sea were all very much alike. Most of them were black or blue in color with an occasional narrow stripe around the sleeves and skirt. All of them were cut full so that any curves the wearer might possess would not be likely to attract the eyes of over-observant males. And, in addition to blouses that came up close about the neck, the long skirts were augmented by billowing pantaloons. Stockings were the order of the day. It was considered indecent for a maid or a matron to go near the water with her nether limbs uncovered. A few hoydenish girls did wear stripped stockings but they were not in "good taste." Such things could only be said to attract attention.

Since the "good old days," however, the public attitude toward seaside apparel has radically changed. Year by year Milady's bathing suit has covered less and less of her person. The voluminous skirt, in which it was all but impossible to do any swimming, gave way to the shorter skirt. The shortest skirt eventually moved up. Sleeves vanished. The neckline moved down, until the form-revealing one-piece outfit is now a commonplace sight in all watering places.

The couturiers have gone about as far as they can in reducing the weight and coverage of bathing suits and now they devote their time to devising outfits remarkable for their color and ornamentation. The sky is the limit.

One of the most modern and imaginative beach ensembles of the day is the one shown in the photograph at the right. There isn't much of it, but what there is is distinctive. It is gracing the person of Miss Cynthia Currail, who wore it first on the beach at Santa Cruz, California.

The scanty costume was not torn from a calendar. It is a reproduction of the leaves of a calendar printed on lightweight cloth and is capable of standing the wear and tear of salt water—more or less.

Miss Currail attracted a lot of attention by her tricky outfit and explained to many wise-cracking vacationists on the beach that, just as they suspected, she was all dated up for the season.

She knows a thing or two about the modes in bathing suits and doesn't think that the style czars of Paris will steal the idea and attempt to popularize it on the Continent. "Most girls," she says, "like to wear bathing suits that display their physical charms, but they do not enjoy being too conspicuous. And this outfit is nothing if not conspicuous."

A Bathing Beauty at Santa Cruz, Wearing Something Novel in Bathing Suit Styles. The Young Woman Is Apparently Well Supplied With Dates.

Silencers for Snoring Salvation Army Guests?

THE Salvation Army has a warm heart for people in want, but ears of the organization's workers are as sensitive to the snorts and growls of snoring sleepers as anybody's and, in one of the Army's havens for the hungry and the jobless, steps are being taken to silence the worst of the "wood sawyers."

The scene of this interesting undertaking is the Gold Dust Lodge, in New York City, where, at times, 1600 homeless men are housed. Not long ago the keepers of this lodge called in a scientist connected with a local university to measure the volume of the grunts, groans, rasps and whistles that came from the sleepers. A machine that accurately measures sound showed that the abode was noisier than the street outside, with all its traffic.

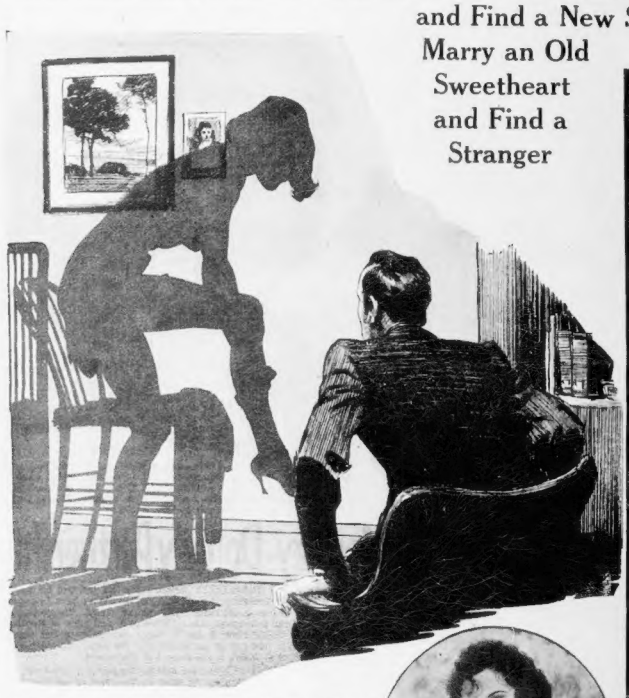
The worst offenders, who kept hundreds of their buddies awake, were aggregated. Others, not quite so bad, were silenced with jaw bandages a yard or two of soft gauze that kept their mouths from dropping open and giving forth unmusical noises.

It was found, in the scientific tests to measure the din, that the snorers got in their heaviest work soon after lights were put out at ten o'clock. It was then that the little needle in the noise-measuring machine danced most violently.

A few "mouth breathers" who just can't get air enough through their nostrils couldn't sleep with their lower jaws bandaged to their upper jaws. They were the worst cases.

Peculiar Discords of Lieut. Harp's Romance

But Mrs. Harp Had Discords Too That Indicate It's Better to Marry a Stranger and Find a New Sweetheart Than to Marry an Old Sweetheart and Find a Stranger



In His Sworn Complaint, Former Lieut. Harp Says That His First Embarrassing Moment With His Bride-to-Be Was When, Shortly Before Their Marriage and "Upon Our Return to Her Apartment After Dinner, She Immediately Undressed Before Me." And Mr. Harp Says He Thereupon Remonstrated With Her. But Mrs. Harp Says That She Never Did Any Such Thing.

Former Lieut. T. Reginald Harp, From a Photograph Taken Shortly After His Graduation From the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Mrs. Georgiana Cusachs Harp in an "Art Study" Pose, From a Photograph by Murray Korman, New York.

Georgiana, Back in 1921, in the Garden of Her Home When the Handsome Middy Was Her Girlish Hero.

The Lovely Old Colonial House of the Cusachs in Annapolis, One of Its Show-places.

EVERYBODY has remarked at one time or another how time changes people. But it is doubtful if any two childhood sweethearts ever found such changes in one another when after many years they met again and married than did Georgiana Cusachs, of the socially prominent Cusachs of Annapolis, Md., and former Lieutenant Terrence Reginald Harp, graduate of the Naval Academy there. That is, if the story each tells in affidavit form in Georgiana's separation suit is true.

Reginald met Georgiana when he was a blue-eyed middy at Annapolis, and she was little more than out of pig-tails. Both belonged to the best naval circles. He was the hero of her maiden dreams and when he first met her in the fine old Cusachs mansion on College Avenue, just after she had returned from the fashionable Garrison Finishing School in Baltimore, she at once became the heroine of his.

Twelve years passed without such seeing the other. Then somewhere around May 10 of last year they met again. She saw him as the blue-eyed middy of old. He saw her as she had been when he first knew her, maidenly and somewhat shy, but more beautiful than he had ever dreamed a girl could be. He at once, as he puts it, "realized my love for her."

Imagine his shocked surprise, he says, when a few nights later, after he had returned with her to her apartment from dinner, such a thing happened as he describes in his court answer as follows:

"Upon our return to her apartment she immediately undressed before me. At this point I had to explain to her that my feelings for her were otherwise. She asked me if I preferred marriage."

He was all unstrung, as unstrung Harp.

Would the Georgiana he had known back in Annapolis have done this? everybody but Georgiana says she didn't do it any time between May 10 when they met and June 8 a month later, when they were married.

But Lieutenant Harp goes on to say:

"I replied (to the question of marrying) that I had not spoken of the subject because of my financial condition, and upon being asked I informed her that my salary was $45 weekly. She made no comment other than to state that my money did not matter, and that she herself had a larger income as a model."

Disconcertingly other, he had been a middy. Reginald had never thought of Georgiana becoming a model. There was no reason why she should not, of course, many thoroughly nice girls take up modeling and remain thoroughly nice. But brought up in the naval tradition, he would not have thought of it as a career, for a granddaughter of the distinguished Commodore William D. Porter, old fire-eater of the 1901 War, who was her mother's father, not for a girl whose father had been U. S. Naval Attache in Spain and Cuba during the World War. Yet although her people are well-to-do, after her debut at the exclusive First Bachelors' Cotillion in Baltimore Georgiana had gone to New York, where she posed for high fees for some of America's best-known artists and photographers. Why not? Beautiful bodies have long been a heritage of the Cusachs. Her older sister, Marguerite, had done the same thing. Such charms are no longer hidden under a bushel.

But, Reginald says, other surprises were coming to him to prove how time had changed his childhood sweetheart. He thus describes them:

"Finally, on June 8th, 1925, we met and she agreed to marriage, setting the date for June 8th. On meeting her again on the evening of June 7th, she appeared entirely upset and raged at me unmercifully, stating that she had mixed up with life and the sophisticated world and feared she could not like marriage. She further stated that perhaps an affair would be the better way out. I was entirely dismayed and thoroughly shocked."

If such things as Lieutenant Harp describes had happened to another man under the same conditions, one would think that by this time he would have realized that the girl of his dreams and the live one were changelings. But Reginald only told her, he says: "I am no quitter," remembering perhaps the old naval formula laid down by Admiral Farragut—"Damn the torpedoes. Go ahead." Naval training is hard to break.

So on the morning of June 8th, they were married at the New York Municipal Building by the City Clerk. But there was still another surprise in store for the bridegroom, he says. Georgiana kissed him, then told him she had a business engagement and she wouldn't be home until after 2 o'clock the next morning. It was an unusual bridal night, Reginald says.

Upon her return to our apartment at 2 A. M. she appeared distraught and from her talk she had apparently been to a large dinner and party, perhaps as a hired decoration, and the host apparently an old rich man. She caused this sort of thing as "work," without any further explanation.

It was on this occasion that she informed me that she had made a terrible mistake in marrying and asked if I would agree to a separation."

This must have been as keen a surprise as any to Reginald, because the marriage was only a few hours old and he had seen his bride only a few minutes in all, and he might well have echoed the old epitaph of the baby who died a few hours old: "If I was so soon done for, what was I ever begun for?"

At any rate, he says he answered her "Yes," but quite reasonably "explained that she should try living with me for awhile, although from her mental state I was worried and mistrusted her judgment."

And things went from bad to worse. He admits he slapped her beautiful face in the course of a heated argument, and says "but immediately after I begged her pardon which she readily and freely granted at the time."

Then, to show his entire disillusionment, he closes with this paragraph:

"On many occasions she has made statements revealing an abandoned woman at heart, to wit: that after her beauty, a personal attraction, is gone, she does not desire to live; that after five more years of pleasure she does not care what happens; that she has seen too much of a certain side of life to make a success of marriage; that money is everything and nothing else counts."

But the beautiful Georgiana whom Lieutenant Harp claimed he had worshiped as a prim young maiden in Annapolis, and whom he admitted walloping in the jaw years later when he didn't worship her so much, had her own side of the case to state. If she turned out not to be the old Georgiana to Reginald, neither did he turn out the old Reginald.

"From almost the very day of our marriage," she told the court, "Lieutenant Harp made our life a constant row of bickering, nagging and bitter fighting. He knew me at Annapolis, where I had previously lived and knew of the manner in which I lived. He knew my home life, of the type of home I came from, of the fact that I had been used to every luxury and had been nurtured in genteel surroundings, that I had attended an exclusive private school and was not accustomed to hearing conversation of the gutter. Yet every time I asked him for money he called me a gold digger."

Reginald even refused to pay for mumps when she had them, Georgiana said. She had to pay for each and every one of them herself. He grew abusive, so she says, when she refused to caress him because mumpy. Once he punched her in the jaw so hard that he broke one of her teeth, and then added insult to injury by refusing to pay the dentist's bill, she asserted.

No, if little Georgiana would not have disrobed, as Reginald charges the older one did, certainly blue-eyed Middy Reginald would not have poked her in the jaw and done the other things Georgiana charges he did. So the disillusionment was natural, it would seem.

And in her answer to the Lieutenant's answers to her original complaint asking for separation and alimony, Georgiana has this further to say:

"Never in all my life have I been called upon to face unjust accusations, such terrible falsehoods, and the malicious, scandalous, spiteful and fantastic twisting of the facts by a man who has the temerity to say of himself that he at all times conducted himself as a gentleman and dutiful husband."

He seems to be playing on the sympathies of the Court, picturing himself as a lovesick freshman remembering his boyhood sweetheart (I was about 13 or 14).

"How strange that he kept his great love hidden from me until twelve years after his graduation."

She called his version of the disrobing act: "Utterly a lie!"

When Georgiana began suit for separation, she was quoted as saying: "I swear I'll never marry again unless the man settles a million on me first and promises to set me free in six months if I want him to. I wouldn't dare try it otherwise."

But she said this before she was actually free from Reginald—and when her case came up in court she was declined to be further questioned. Supreme Court Justice Valente of New York, before whom the case was brought, decided that she was not entitled to alimony and counsel fees pending the trial of her separation suit. She must live on her earnings as a model, and the lustring Harp need not contribute a single note to her support.

Some amateurs whether she lost because of her alleged artistic disrobing in front of the Lieutenant before marriage. But Georgiana is a model, and clothes do not necessarily seem so important to a model as they do to the girl who isn't one. Besides, in this candid age, semi-nudity and even nudity has lost its edge either for shocking or alluring. The beaches are crowded with women, both beautiful and not beautiful, whose dress leaves little to the imagination. Thousands of girls throughout the country bike along public thoroughfares clad in revealing shorts and halters. At night clubs, roof gardens and other social gatherings well-dressed young ladies, guests as well as performers, seem to be considered best-dressed when the least dressed.

Yet in all fairness to Lieutenant Harp, it must be said, that he must not be a prudish or narrow-minded man. He was a sailor, and there is no such thing as an unsophisticated sailor.

When he was graduated from Annapolis he served four years in the Navy all around the world before resigning to become an engineer. Even had he been innocent when he entered the U. S. Naval Academy as a middy, he undoubtedly acquired a certain amount of worldliness there when he found out about the "Pink N" Club, which is a tradition.

The "Pink N's" membership is very limited, but coveted. To make it a middy must engineer a brief petting party under the grand piano opposite the office of the Commandant without being caught. A more difficult initiation is hard to conceive. There is a legend of one middy who staged a battle at one end of the hall to divert official attention while he qualified.

A contemporary of Lieutenant Harp is authority for the statement that of his whole class only three middies found admission to the "Pink N."

And while in the Navy, following the recruiting slogan and seeing the world, he must have learned that from Bali to Waikiki, and at every fleet anchorage between these two stops, there are many fair damsels who refuse to allow their charms to bloom unseen.

Whatever the reason for the decision against Georgiana, the moral of it all seems to be that it is less disillusioning to pick a stranger who may turn out a new sweetheart than it is to pick an old sweetheart who may turn out a stranger.

1926, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

What Happened to Odette Caught in the Quagmire of the Paris Underworld?

Berville, the "Jeune Premier," or Matinee Idol, Who Attracted Odette, the Belgian Girl, Newly Arrived in Paris, but Who Threw Her Over. With Most of Her Money Gone, She Fell Into the Clutches of an Apache.

PARIS.

A YEAR ago the French Capital read frequently in the newspapers about a pretty Belgian girl, Odette Ariga, who had suddenly set herself on the road to fame and fortune after having come [illegible] from her native Liege. Odette had appeared in several plays at the Palais-Royal Theatre and had won quite a reputation for herself. For what was even more interesting to the public was that she apparently had won the heart of M. Berville, the handsome young matinee idol. Odette seemed to be "all set."

But Odette is dead. She narrowly escaped burial in Potter's Field. They have taken her body to a little Belgian cemetery. And no one in Paris, except the officials, would have known of the tragedy that overtook her had it not been for the editor of a theatrical publication, Cornolis, who is attempting personally to solve the mystery of Odette's end.

The questions he raises are: Was Odette a suicide? Was she murdered because of a love affair, or, was she killed for purposes of robbery or removal? Nobody seems to know quite what happened to her after she had, for some reason of her own, drifted into the murk of the Paris underworld.

Odette came to Paris from a town near Liege, after she had inherited 250,000 francs at her father's death. She yearned for theatrical fame, and then suddenly found herself in love with young Berville, the "jeune premier." Keeping pace with the social activity of the stage idol, and indulging his temperamental whims, says the editor of the Comedia, soon disposed of her small fortune. Berville and Odette came to the parting of the ways not long ago, and then the girl seems to have vanished after playing in several productions merely as a show girl. But her death has revealed some of the things that happened. She fell in with Perez, a sinister but romantic figure of Montparnasse, notorious as an Apache. The police can only guess what sort of slavery he drove the girl into. They do know that he thrust her into the dives of Montmartre, and that she tried to escape his clutches by fleeing to a room in the Rue St. Lazare, where she met up with tragedy.

Policemen found her apparently dead after Perez, who had finally traced her to the room, telephoned them. She had no money, though the room was an expensive one and paid for a year in advance. The girl was unconscious, and she died three hours after they took her to Bichat Hospital. Perez told the officials that he had found her key in the lock, outside the room, that he thought she was drunk or drugged, and had helped himself to 30 francs, all that she possessed.

The room was searched for poison or drugs, from which Odette evidently had died, but nothing was found. Three days later another search revealed a tube of gardenal tablets. The concierge (landlady) insisted that these tablets were not in the medicine case when the original search was made. All Odette's jewels were in pawn.

Under ordinary circumstances an autopsy would have been performed to ascertain the real cause of the girl's death. But mysterious forces seemed to assert themselves, and the body was about to be consigned to a pauper's grave, when relatives of Odette turned up. They, who had opposed Odette's plan to become a stage star, said they wished to punish no one; they did not want an investigation. This relieved the minds of the gendarmes, but they figured on having a talk with the matinee idol nevertheless, but nobody, apparently, was able to find him. He had left Paris. Acquaintances, who knew that he had gone to Vittel, said that he had not seen Odette for a year, though he had paid the rent.

This was confirmed by the concierge, who told police that the girl had been acting strangely for some few days, and that she had been keeping to her room, evidently in fear of some peril. No visitors had been noted, except the Apache, who might never have called the police, when he discovered the unconscious occupant of the room, if he had not been aware that his presence in the house was known to the caretaker. The fact that he summoned aid so quickly has served to convince the gendarmes that Perez, whatever his intent upon going to see Odette, had not had time to attack her, for he came running from the room a few seconds after the concierge had curiously followed him up the stairs. There were no screams. Neither were there any marks on the girl's body.

One of the curious phases of the mystery of Odette is that while Paris newspapers usually make much of the death of an actress or stage personality, in the case of Odette there was not even the ordinary obituary notice. One lone editor set out to find out what it was all about.

It has been hinted that Odette took to the use of narcotics after her love affair with the actor had failed. Odette's family did not want to go into that.

So Odette's story is a mystery, but hardly more mysterious than the stories of thousands of girls who have traveled the same road to Paris and return.

Odette, Dressed as a Charmer of 1900, in a Revue at the Alcazar.

Odette Ariga, Who Was Found Dying in Her Apartment, After She Had Tossed Away Her Inheritance and Fallen Into the Murk of the Paris Underworld. Police Are Uncertain Whether She Committed Suicide or Was Murdered.

Two Maids With—

VIENNA.

NOT since the first appearance of the famous Dolly Sisters, Jenny and Rosika, in this city have the theatregoers of the Austrian capital shown such enthusiasm for a dance team as they are registering these days for Nana and Nanette, the bobbed-haired brunettes shown in the photograph at the right.

Few people know the last names of the lithe and beautiful young women who are twins and who include in their original repertoire a number called the Siamese Dance. As the unusual photograph shows, Nana and Nanette perform this Terpsichorean novelty in a specially-designed gown which has two bodices but a single skirt.

This number might easily be offensive to audiences if it was not done exactly right. Nana and Nanette, in negotiating and rehearsing the divertissement, practiced before a big mirror and were careful not to make a single movement that suggested deformity. Every one of their synchronized steps and turns is graceful and, critics say, extremely skillful.

The dancing twins, who have appeared in Paris, London and Berlin as well as in their native Austria, are publicity-wise, and get a great deal of advertising by being known simply as Nana and Nanette. Everywhere they go the newspapers and magazines conjecture as to their identity and this, of course, intrigues the interest of the theatre-going public.

Perhaps Nana and Nanette remember the mystery that surrounded the famous Sisters G, whom they resemble a great deal and who were a hit in the theatre and night clubs of the European capitals a year or two ago. A dozen different legends grew up about the Sisters G. It was supposed for a long time that they were born in Germany and that they got their training for the stage in Berlin. Then a Spanish newspaper came out with a story which purported to prove that the young women were born in Madrid and that they moved to Germany with their parents when they were in their teens.

After the puzzling and popular Sisters G finished a successful appearance in London a still different version of their origin was printed in British publications and reprinted on the Continent. This story, rumored to have had the sanction of the stage stars, related that the real names of the Sisters G are Eleanor and Carola Gee, that they were half English and half German and that they were brought up in Spain, where they took their first dancing lessons before going to Germany to complete their professional education.

Nana and Nanette, the Twin Dancers Known as the Darlings of Austria. Their First Fame Came When They Created This Bizarre Illusion by Wearing the Same Gown.

KEYSTONE

But a Single Gown

Although Nana and Nanette haven't been dancing professionally as long as the Sisters G—and not nearly so long as the celebrated Dolly Sisters—the obscurity of their beginning is building up a fascinating myth about them, and they, knowing the value of such advertising, are not dispelling the mystery by giving out their life story.

They are well aware that they are not the only dancing twins on the European stage. As a matter of fact there are at least four more or less celebrated teams of twins, chief among which are Inga and Yolanda Epp, who hail from Budapest and who have been popular favorites in Hungary and in other European countries for the past five or six years. Bavaria boasts Marie-Anne and Anne-Marie Merry, twin dancers who are well known to German audiences and who, like Nana and Nanette, are exceptionally good-looking and typical brunettes.

Monkey-Donkey Partnership

THE cameraman who took the picture below did not find his subjects in a zoo or a traveling tent show. Neither did he have to pose the principals to get an artificial "cute" animal study. The picture is a "natural" and was taken near the entrance of a coal mine in Newcastle, England. The donkey is one of many such animals that pull the little cars in and out of the galleries of the mine, and the monkey, whose name is Jocko, is the mascot of the miners.

The animals have been good pals for the past four years and Jocko likes nothing better than to cling to the reins of his four-footed crony and play the man on the flying trapeze while the donkey is plodding along, doing his day's work.

Where Jocko came from, none of the miners can say for a certainty, but it is supposed that he was the property of some organ-grinder and that he escaped from his life of begging pennies to the wheezing tunes of his wandering owner. Anyway, Jocko turned up at the mine one day, about four years ago, and wasn't sure at first that he liked the sooty surroundings.

When some of the miners tried to catch him, the monkey climbed up the superstructure of a tall water tower and refused to come back to earth until hunger drove him down. He soon found out that the miners were a kindly lot and adopted them as his friends.

Jocko also adopted the donkey, although he has no particular use for any of the fifty other donkeys on the premises. A few days after he appeared at the mine, Jocko, in scampering about, leaped on the donkey's back and clung to his harness, surveying the landscape. The donkey, to the surprise of the miners, did not object to this funny-faced hitch-hiker. The monkey seemed to understand that he had found a friend, and from that day on he spent much of his time with the donkey.

In cold weather Jocko spends his nights in the same stall with his long-eared pal. He curls up next to the donkey's furry body and stays there until the beast of burden is turned out for work in the morning.

The Mine Donkey and the Monkey Mascot at a Colliery in England Struck Up a Strange Friendship, and With the Little Monkey for Company, the Donkey Doesn't Seem to Mind His Hard Work So Much.

The Newest Thing in Baby Bathtubs

THE youngster in the photograph below is seated in the newest—and perhaps the oldest—thing in bathtubs for infants. The "tub" is not the work of some imaginative sculptor or of a manufacturing plant with a flair for publicity. It is an oyster shell, and, so far as can be learned, the largest oyster shell ever dredged from the bottom of the sea.

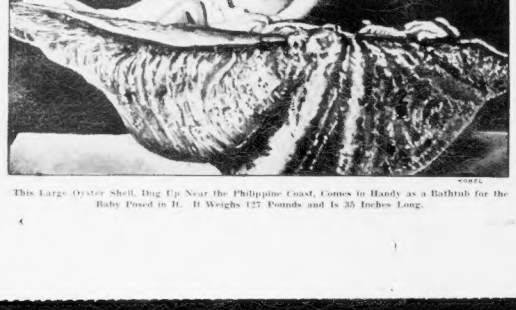
The object was discovered about thirty-five years ago by a fisherman off the coast of the Philippines. With considerable trouble the big shell was raised from the ocean bottom and taken ashore, where it was carefully preserved as a rare freak of nature. In 1904 it was stowed in the hold of an ocean liner and landed at San Francisco, where it was transferred to a freight car and shipped to the St. Louis World's Fair as one of the main attractions in the Philippine exhibit. At the present time it is the property of Ashton J. Moss, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Nature never made a more practical or a more beautiful bathtub, unless depressions in rock can be classed as bathing places. The huge shell is one inch less than three feet long, more than twenty-one inches wide, and just about the proper depth for a youngster the age of the one shown occupying the monstrosity. The "tub" weighs 127 pounds.

Originally, of course, there were two such objects, because this is only half of the Gargantuan oyster shell. What happened to the other half, nobody knows, for it was not salvaged from the sea with its remarkable twin.

The story of the other half may never be known any more than that of the other halves of several famous diamonds, which show unmistakable evidence of having been broken from whole stones more than twice the size of those found. There are many fascinating theories of what became, for instance, of the other theoretical half of the Cullinan. But nobody cares much about the rest of the huge bivalve. The half, which has become a unique bathtub, on the inside is pearl white in color, has a high gloss, and is as smooth as the finest of man-made bathtubs.

How many people could have feasted on the meat of the oyster that once occupied the over-size shell is a matter of conjecture, but if the creature filled the shell in the same manner that its smaller relatives do, the flesh would have provided oyster cocktails for a dinner party of more than 100 people. And if the creature had been made into a stew it would have served twice that number.



This Large Oyster Shell, Dug Up Near the Philippine Coast, Comes in Handy as a Bathtub for the Baby Posed in It. It Weighs 127 Pounds and Is 35 Inches Long.

KEYSTONE

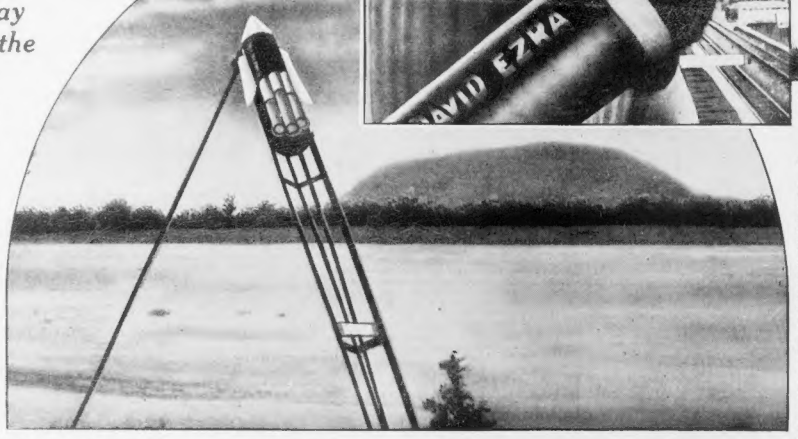
(c) by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

The First Rocket-Ship To Carry Living Passengers

Mr. Rooster and Mrs. Hen Are Shot Through Air at a Mile a Second, Land Safely, and So Become Pioneers of a Transportation Experiment That May Realize the Dream of Travel to Other Worlds

At Right Is the Rooster Being Taken From the Traveling Compartment of the "David Ezra" Rocket After Its Flight Across the River.

Surviving the Shock of Starting at Sixty Miles a Minute and of Alighting at the Same Speed, the Hen and Rooster in the Rocket's Passenger Compartment Emerged Totally Uninjured and Unfrightened, Thus Proving Human Travel in Rocket Ships Is Possible.



The Transport Rocket "David Ezra," on the Banks of the Damodar River in Sikkim, India, Which Transported the Live Birds Safely Across the Waters in the Foreground. Photograph Taken Just Before the Rocket Took Flight.

CALCUTTA, July 27.

THE rocket passenger ship shot from fiction into reality the other day when one roared across the Damodar River, India, at sixty miles a minute, safely landing its two passengers, one rooster and one hen. It also carried 700 letters.

The mail, however, was of no importance, except to stamp collectors, because rockets have carried that before in other places, especially Australia.

The main criticism that rocket ship enthusiasts have had to face was the prophecy that any form of animal life on board would be killed by the shock of starting, and if the passengers escaped that they would have their necks broken by the shock of landing. The Damodar River is only a few hundred yards wide at that point, but this made no difference, because there is little dispute that if the two jolts of starting and stopping could be escaped, there would be no great problem about passengers being comfortable enough during the intervening time, no matter how long.

The feathered passengers were not only uninjured, but showed no ill effects whatsoever. When the top to the hen's nesting chamber was removed she hopped out with a mild cluck or two as much as to say that somebody had his nerve with him. Then she seemed to fall into a reflective mood on her greatness as the first of her sex to travel by rocket. The rooster's pride went to his head a bit because he promptly chased his fellow passenger and all the other hens in the vicinity.

Fowl may be less sensitive to shock than human beings and these certainly had the advantage of not knowing that experts had said they were sure to be killed. On the other hand a man-carrying rocket would be more carefully shock-proofed, just as a Pullman is better sprung than a cattle car. Also there would be a pilot who, if he wasn't knocked out at the start, would be helpful in guiding the rocket-plane to a good landing place and in other ways get it down with the least possible bump. In this case the involuntary passengers' lives depended entirely on simple devices which seem to have worked remarkably well.

The inventor of this record-making rocket is Stephen S. Smith, of the British Interplanetary Society, who describes himself as a novice in rocket-ocring, but he has been working for a couple of years at least, with the financial assistance of the Maharajah of Sikkim, Sir Tashi Namgyal. The chicken carrier is Smith's fifth rocket and bears the name of the "David Ezra," but is really a rocket plane with wings that not only keep it from coming down while the power is on but allow a gentle descent when the fuel ceases to roar out of the nozzle. The tail fin acts as a fixed rudder, keeping the rocket on the course of the original aim.

For ventilation, two small almond-shaped holes were cut in the hull or shell of the ship. The location of these holes called for careful thought. If too close to the head, the pressure of the air, at 60 miles a minute, would drive against the feathered passengers with almost as fatal force as the blast of a blank cartridge, fired at close range. If they were cut too near the tail, the vacuum there would cause a fatal one within the ship. Also they were not big enough for the rooster to poke his head out because, at that rate of speed, the rushing air would probably have taken his head right off.

The most interesting feature of the "David Ezra" is the compartment which carried the fowls uninjured, and this is a secret which its inventor will not reveal except to say that there is a coiled spring between the front of the compartment and the nose of the rocket, to absorb the shock of landing. He says not a word about what eases the shock of starting. According to reports of those who claim to have had a glimpse inside the thing, the passenger "cabin" is a separate steel chamber inside the outer shell. On landing, this would permit the inner one to move forward, resisted by the coiled spring in front.

But this is not all. The real cushion is probably air. The inner chamber is said to be supported and kept away from the outer one by stout rubber pads which hold it steady under ordinary conditions. But at moments of sudden shock, such as starting and stopping, the rubber yields as does the coiled spring.

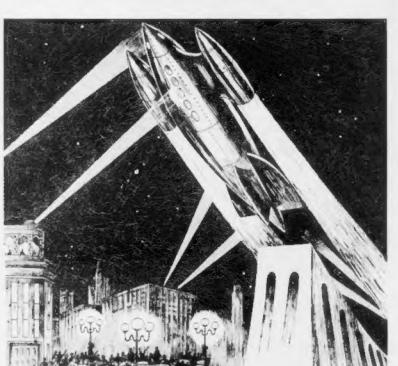
In addition to this it is said that the space between the two is divided by a diaphragm, so placed that when the inner compartment moves forward against the spring, it compresses the air in front, forming a pneumatic cushion like that in the tires of an automobile. The air from the almond-shaped ventilating holes would probably have to pass through rubber hose into the inner compartment.

The Interplanetary Societies have their eyes fixed on the ambitious idea of visiting the other planets. That ambition is just about as crazy now as the idea of flying was before the Wright Brothers actually did it. Dr. John Q. Stewart, Associate Professor of Astronomical Physics at Princeton University, for one, prophesies that in about a hundred years man may travel to the moon in a huge rocket sphere such as shown on this page. The rocket sphere would probably weigh about 70,000 tons and would bristle with cannon which would supply the motive power.

A crew of sixty men, equipped with apparatus suitable for wear in the moon's rarefied atmosphere could be accommodated in the great tank. The sphere could be shot from the earth, rocket-fashion and it is calculated that it would travel at a speed of 50,000 miles per hour toward the moon. The cannon would be discharged en route to give added impetus.

According to the professor to make this rocket sphere complete the trip successfully, the problem is to develop sufficient energy for the speed required.

Another type of interplanetary vehicle is the Rocket Airship which is also shown here. It was designed by Herr Max Valier, distinguished German aviator, who anticipates that this hermetically sealed plane with human passengers aboard may some day be shot through the ether at a speed of 420 miles an hour, using rockets as propelling power. Meanwhile, freight-carrying rockets have been serving the useful purpose of shooting food, mail and medicine over obstacles that can only be conquered by flight.



A European Conception of a Rocket Ship of the Future Based on the Experiments of Herr Max Valier, Distinguished German Scientist.

After the "David Ezra" had given the chickens their joy-ride, Mr. Smith sent rocket number 66 over the river with an assortment of food and medicine. This, too, arrived safely but it almost caused the inventor's death. Mr. Smith had asked one of the spectators to help him, and the helper, not realizing what it might mean, left a large test rocket in the direct line of fire from No. 66. When 66 took off it set fire to the other, which happened to be aimed at Smith, who was taking a picture of the getaway. He had just time to throw himself flat on the ground as the test rocket shot over him like a bullet.

A plain rocket without wings is good enough for ordinary unbreakable freight. These, almost like bullets, are not greatly disturbed by air conditions. But for carrying live freight, the rocket must have wings at least at present, which make it a plaything of "air-pockets," cross-winds and other disturbances that bother aviators. To test what rocket planes would do in "rough" air, a spot was chosen on a ridge beside a deep ravine on the road from Fuschay Gompa to Tibet. Over the ravine, the air is usually "boiling," as the Maharajah, who is an aviator, knows from experience.

One of the winged rockets, named the "Commander Norcock," was aimed and fired by His Highness' own hand and put on a nice show for him. For about 200 yards it had an easy journey and then hit that "boiling air." It shot up, turned to the right, then to the left, dived and actually looped the loop. Then it seemed to give itself a prodigious shake and proceeded on an even keel for the rest of its trip, landing 800 yards away.

Rocket service saved the lives of a group of half-starved natives who had been marooned for many days on a tiny island in the middle of a Bengal river usually so small and shallow that a child could ford it safely. But the same untimely monsoon which defeated the recent attempt to climb Mt. Everest had caused devastating floods in various parts of India. These had changed the ordinarily harmless little trickle of water into a wide, foaming torrent, so swift that nobody could pass from the island or to it. An airplane could have easily dropped food for them but all the planes were busy doing that very thing elsewhere. This was a small group and would be one of the last to receive attention.

The refugees had about resigned themselves to death by starvation when something came roaring and smoking through the air to land with a thud on the shore of the little island.

"In the name of the sacred black paws of the holy water devil, what is that?" cried an old woman as with the others she scrambled to the opposite side of the island.

"It is a hot rock from the gods, such as knocked Sipi down, last Fall," answered one of the men. "It shows that the gods are still angry at us for something."

Sipi had been felled by the force of a small meteorite and the best local opinion at the time had been that he had committed some personal offense against the gods. But when the floods came it was decided that great numbers of the people must have sinned.

"It is not a hot rock," said Noroyen, a youth who had taken a chance and looked. "It is shiny metal and is still smoking or maybe it is steam."

"Then it is a bomb and will blow us up," wailed the old woman, remembering that Rama, the village headman, had lost an arm from a bomb sent him by a red terrorist. "We pray for bread and they send us a bomb."

"But the gods don't throw bombs and who would want to murder us who are starving anyway?" argued the youth. "If they could send us dynamite they could send us food. I am going to see what it is."

While the others put fingers in their ears, Noroyen examined the strange object and gingerly unscrewed the top. Then he shouted:

"Food from the gods!"

The thing contained a canister full of rice and bread. The food had hardly been distributed when another roaring visitor arrived, with more of the same stuff. A third contained cans of condensed milk and a few letters. Before eating any of it they returned thanks to the gods for relenting and sending this relief. The gods may be entitled to most of the credit but inventor Smith certainly helped them.

He was just ready to test a new batch of rockets when one of the relief officers asked him how much his rockets would carry, how far they would shoot and how small a mark they would hit. The result was that the ancient gods got their work done for them in the most advanced scientific manner.

These relief rockets were of a new type, constructed on a telescopic basis, which enables the container to be adjusted in size according to the distance it has to travel, the weight it has to carry, and the height it has to climb to surmount obstacles. It was named the "Star of India," which is the same name as that of the private airplane used by the Viceroy of India. It stands about four and one-half feet high, but is no heavier than those used in India during the experiments in carrying letters and live fowls.

This puts India, one of the world's least inventive nations, ahead even of America which usually leads the procession. That, however, is not giving any allowance for the fact that during the last fifteen years Dr. Robert H. Goddard, acting under the auspices of several institutions, has worked out many of the basic problems of rocket travel. But he is not interested in just flying through the air. He is planning to shoot a rocket so high and so fast that it will break away from the earth's gravitational force and reach the moon.

The United States is so well supplied with railroads, highways, automobiles and airplanes that there can be no great need for rocket obstacle-jumpers. So India is not surprised to read that recent experiments in that line have not done so well.

Only partially successful results attended the efforts last February to send mail in a rocket over Greenwood Lake, New York. At that time 6,000 letters and post cards, specially stamped, were placed in the head of a rocket and aimed at the town of Hewitt, about two and a half miles away.

The first time the rocket roared and flared but refused to leave its catapult. Investigation showed that the releasing mechanism had frozen from the cold. The release was warmed up but again it stuck. This time it was found that though not frozen, the mechanics had forgotten to unlock the mechanism.

By this time they were out of fuel but two weeks later it was tried again. This time the rocket flew about 2,000 feet which with the distance it skidded over the ice brought it into the State of New Jersey and the jurisdiction of the Hewitt postmaster who obligingly carried it the rest of the way in a common mail truck.

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Revolt Of The Lepers And The Result

DR. TOMA SIMIONESCO bowed low as he entered the office of Dan Sever, Minister of Public Health in Bucharest, Roumania. Near him, in a frightened manner, stood a young peasant dressed in black.

"I have heard much about you," said the health official to the doctor, holding out his hand. "In all Roumania you have acquired a reputation as a worker of miracles. You have succeeded in public rumor in time to saving the lives of many people whose cases your brothers in the profession gave up as hopeless."

Dr. Simionesco bowed low again. The two men exchanged a smile. The Minister continued:

"In the subject of leprosy, this horrible plague which too frequently strikes near to us, secretly at Giaiet and in the region of the Delta, it is said that you have found an infallible method of checking it and curing it. In order to pursue your studies in the 'White Plague' you have, I think, asked the authorities to name you Chief Doctor at the leper community at Tschiboli. Is that so?"

"That's correct," answered the doctor. "And if they intend to prevent me from going to the lepers, no force in the world can prevent these unfortunates from coming to me. With Your Excellency's permission I will preach Gospels Gallico, this young farmer standing beside me, who is a leper and who has just escaped from Tschiboli."

At these words the Minister jumped up and sought refuge behind a desk. He hurriedly pressed a button. A clerk appeared. "Quick, quick," cried the Minister. "A leper disguised as a gendarme is calling. Shoot him!"

But the employe first shouting that a leper had invaded the Ministry. All the officers and employes fled outdoors.

When the Ministry was entirely empty the doctor walked downstairs calmly with the leper and while a horrified crowd curiously watched the pair, the doctor figured that his aim had been attained. An hour after his visit the doctor received an order to proceed in an ambulance to Tschiboli, which is situated in one of the most desolate corners of the Province of Bessarabia.

At the Doctor's Words, the Minister Jumped Up and Sought Refuge Behind His Desk, Summoned a Clerk, and Shouted, "Seize the leper!" But the Clerk Fled.

Tschiboli. Home of terror . . . and the last refuge of those afflicted by life. Each morning at dawn the guards unbolted the bare and mournful countryside the wretches of the lepers' hideous wards lighted and in turn ought to issue, ghost-like faces whose the plague had turned into awful masks.

In Tschiboli, at the base of its walls, rich in prolonged agony, foreign blood flowed, mingled in huge streams with Roumanian blood. It happened often that an obscure night a fiel would beat against the closed shutters of one of the houses in the village and at the instant of the noise heard out to see who the nocturnal visitor might be, he would hear a sobbing voice cry: "Bread . . . A morsel of bread!" It would be one of the lepers begging. The inhabitant threw him with disgust a crust of bread. Then he had him to get away with the threat of being boiled alive. In the morning the inhabitant would open his door to touch the pails of his house, not touch the sill of his windows.

But how could the lepers escape from their prison-hospital, to be able to walk freely in the streets of the village? Were their limbs not controlled? Had they been abandoned?

In reality, the administration could not, even their most courageous efforts succeed in keeping attendants at the lepreserv. They only succeed in recruiting some good wretches who, every day, was to keep the gates shut, but the presence of these guards was not necessary, for a single one of the lepers wanted to go out. It was enough to scare the attendant by saying: "If you don't let me pass I will spit on you." And the guards scoffed at the leper-case.

As for the lepers, they were not paid. For the lack of it. For each of them, the state grants $12 a month. This sum would have been sufficient if a food inspection could be found who would consent to watch money from the lepers.

In vain Dr. Declaire. They are traveled in an echo back and forth among the Roumanian seaboard and in the narrow streets of Roumanian villages. Before the staring eyes of the honorable mayors and other ruling personages of unfortunate, and shocked and indignant, faces were soon hanging dead with the illness. Then hiding further in caves.

No matter where they appeared, they encountered no resistance. In every house they entered freely, finding food and clothing and not hesitating to appropriate it.

It was then that the Ministry of Public Cares in Bucharest. There arrived in the capital almost at once. The government solved the problem by sending a handful of energetic men who managed to reason with these distressed victims of the White Plague.

A delegation of lepers, by their honorary, appeared before the Minister of Public Health and submitted their demands. It was estimated that nearly half of the lepers who had escaped from Tschiboli had disappeared somewhere along the way from Roumania to Bucharest.

Orders were given to the gendarmerie to withhold the news about the affair in order that the entire population would not be put in a state of terror. Meanwhile in all the streets of nearly every town and village the courageous band sought out those whose faces and bodies revealed the suspicious scars. Finally after diligent searching the three last families of lepers were found and were transferred to the newly built leprosary at Largyanca. Thus was the revolt of the Roumanian lepers conclusive. Tschiboli exists no longer. This disease-ridden establishment lost in the desolation of Bessarabia has been burned to the ground. Today the lepers are shut up in the modern scientific leprosary at Largyanca.

Killed On The Way Home From Her Own Funeral

FOUR strong men carried Anna Bunescu's coffin from the cemetery chapel to the grave. According to the requirements of the Greek Orthodox faith—the official religion in Roumania—the lid of the coffin was open and the outline of the shrouded corpse was visible.

A crowd of mourners followed the coffin. In Moinesti, the small Roumanian village, where sensation is rare and marriages, births and deaths are the only exciting events, the sudden death of the jolly widow, Anna Bunescu, caused much grief and almost the entire population accompanied Anna on her last journey.

Two days before, she had been working in the field which she had tended entirely alone since her husband's death. Anna had been a strong person with an unquenchable spirit, who did a man's work cheerfully, without feeling its burden or ever complaining about her hard life. She was very popular in the village, was helpful to anyone in case of distress.

It was a great shock to the village when they heard that Anna, seized with a heart attack, had died in one night without any previous symptoms.

The procession approached the grave. Suddenly the mourners saw the white sheet, on Anna's form, move faintly. Somebody screamed; the men carrying the coffin stopped; everybody stared as if hypnotized.

The "dead" Anna Bunescu sat up in her coffin and looked about. In a moment she seemed to grasp where she was and what was happening around her. With a sudden vitality, she jumped out of her coffin and frightened some of the women mourners so much that they began to scream hysterically. Anna seemed to be scared to death at the strange events happening to her, and she started to run towards the gate of the cemetery. But she was not so strong as she thought herself to be, and she collapsed after a few steps out of sheer weakness caused by two days' starving and the shock of the strange experience. She recovered after a short time and, weak though she was, she planned to be taken home.

So her friends lifted her in a cart, supported her with cushions and undertook to drive her home. The cart made its way slowly along the dusty village road. At a corner, the persons sitting in the cart cried out. A motorcar rushed past them at a great speed despite the dusty road. Motorcars are a rare sight in the little village of Moinesti. This car in its passing raised a cloud of dust which so frightened the horses that they took fright and began to rush madly in their terror unheeding the direction they were taking. The wild, frightened animals overturned the cart into a ditch. The persons sitting in it saw the danger coming and jumped in time. Anna Bunescu, whom everybody thought to forget, was left alone in the cart, which overturned on top of her.

She was dead by the time she was lifted out from the ruins of the cart. The villagers could do nothing better than take her back to the cemetery and bury her, this time. Hardly half an hour had elapsed between the two burial services of the woman who came back to life and the fatal accident.

A similar event happened recently in Markovidom, Yugoslavia, a small village near Risa, a bigger community. Carla Lazovics was one of the richest women in Markovidom, but also one of the stingiest. She never married after her rich husband—who left her a neat fortune—died, because she was convinced that all men desired her money alone. She suspected an ulterior motive behind the kindness of every person, and she was even harsh with her only relation, a younger brother, who lived with her. This brother, Peter Milankovics, was penniless, and depended entirely on his sister for a living. Carla grudgingly kept him, but expected him to do a servant's work in return. Often, when she lost her temper with him, she would accuse him of calculating, like all other people, on her death, when he would inherit all her fortune.

"But you will be disappointed, my lad," the peevish old woman would say, "for I will long outlive you. You have a weak heart, and I am as healthy as a mule. You won't inherit my fortune, my dear! You will die long before I do."

Carla Lazovics' prophecy did, in fact, come true. She outlived her brother, although she was almost buried before him. One day Carla was not feeling well. She was so sick and faint that she could not get out of bed. Yet she was too stingy to call a doctor.

The Wild, Frightened Horses Overturned the Cart Bearing the Resurrected Woman Into a Ditch. The Other Occupants Leaped, But Anna Bunescu Was Instantly Killed.

She had no idea what was the matter with her, but she certainly did not spend her money on doctors. One morning she was seized with a violent coughing attack. She became deathly pale and gasped for breath. When the attack was over she dropped back on her pillow exhausted. An hour later, she was apparently dead.

The coroner, a person unversed in medical matters, examined the corpse and gave permission for the burial. It took place the next day, attended by almost the entire population of Markovidom. After the coffin marched Carla's much abused brother, clad in deep mourning, sobbing bitterly, not having any sign of the joy and relief which he must certainly have felt now that his bullying, ill-tempered, stingy sister was dead, and her fortune was his at last.

After the Pravidav burial ceremony was over, the grave diggers slipped the ropes beneath the coffin and lowered it part of the way into the grave. Suddenly they were startled by loud moaning and wailing that seemed to come from the coffin. The wailing became louder and louder and was presently accompanied by loud banging on the lid of the casket. Now there was no doubt that the strange sounds came from within the coffin. The mourners were frightened out of their wits and ran away. The priest, however, kept his composure and ordered the coffin to be opened. Carla Lazovics, clad in burial garments, sat up.

"Why am I here?" Why did you bury me?" she said indignantly. She was interrupted by a moan.

Her brother, who had stood at the edge of the grave, staring with glassy eyes at his dead sister who sat up in her coffin, now collapsed in a heap. The realization that his sister, whom he thought safely dead, had come back from her trance, was too much for him, especially as it followed closely on the joy that he had felt at the thought that at last he was free and wealthy. His weak heart, which had troubled him for years, could not stand the shock, and the unfortunate man had died of heart failure.

Carla Lazovics climbed out of her coffin, murmuring with grim satisfaction, as she stared at her brother's body:

"I told you I would outlive you! I told you you wouldn't inherit my fortune!"

She walked home alone.

Night Blindness Traced To Lack Of Carrots And Spinach

CHILDREN who dislike carrots and spinach will probably be in disaster at all out of having their parents explain to them the results of an interesting survey reported in a recent issue of the American Medical Association Journal. This survey, conducted by Dr. P. C. Jeans and Miss Zelma Zentmire, of Iowa City, shows that children who do not eat enough spinach and carrots, or other foods rich in vitamin A, are liable to have "night blindness," a condition in which the sufferer can see scarcely anything in the dark, even though the vision is perfectly normal in the daytime.

Eye specialists have known for some time that among persons with normal vision some have more difficulty seeing at night than others. Various reasons have been given for this, but Dr. Jeans suspected that the real cause was faulty diet. To find out, he and Miss Zentmire made a study of over 400 Iowa children.

He first perfected a special instrument which detects even a slight degree of night blindness, sometimes too slight to have been noticed by the victim. Using this instrument, he tested 100 children who live in the country, 102 who live in a village, and 202 who lived in a city.

The first interesting thing he discovered was that on an average the country children are better than the village children, who in turn have less night blindness than the city children. In the groups he studied, the frequency of night blindness was 26 per cent among the country children, 53 per cent among village children and 66 per cent among city children.

Convinced that this variation was due to a difference in diet, he investigated the kinds of food these groups ate. The country children, he found, ate more green vegetables, such as carrots and spinach, and he concluded that this was the reason they had less night blindness. Additional evidence to support this theory was found when he divided the city children into three groups, based upon the economic condition of their parents. He found that among the poorest class 79 per cent had night blindness, as compared to 53 per cent in the middle level and 33 per cent in the upper level.

Thus it appears that the children of well-to-do parents are not so likely to have night blindness because they are continually being urged to eat their carrots and spinach. But at that they are not so well off in this respect as country children, who much of the time simply have to eat green vegetables, whether they like them or not, or else go hungry, since often that is all there is to eat.

After further research it was decided that the particular element needed to prevent night blindness is vitamin A, one of the six mysterious substances which *science* now knows are necessary to health. Carrots and spinach, as well as other green vegetables are not the only food that contain vitamin A. It is likewise present to a beneficial extent in various other foods, such as eggs and liver.

Carotene, which is the yellow substance that gives carrots their characteristic color, and is also found in other vegetables, is rich in vitamin A, as also is the oil extracted from the liver of halibut. Making use of this fact, Dr. Jeans continued his experiments with the Iowa school children by feeding carotene extract and halibut liver oil to those found to have night blindness. The result was that after several weeks all of the children who received this treatment showed marked improvement. Eventually their eyesight at night became normal, and they were able to distinguish objects in the dark just as well as children who had been eating plenty of carrots and spinach all their lives.

As a result of this survey, Dr. Jeans concluded that a lack of vitamin A is more prevalent in the American diet than has been imagined. And it is now believed that this is one reason why colds, and other infections of the nose and throat, are so common, particularly among children—since vitamin A is thought to play an important part in resisting disease germs.

How The Underworld Is Useful

THERE is nothing more true than the statement that "crime does not pay"—this means that in the long run it does pay the criminal. But there is another side to criminal activity which few persons think of. The activities of criminals are of some benefit to the business world, as pointed out by Dr. Willard Waller, sociologist, and Edward E. Hawkins, economist, in an interesting article recently published in the Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology.

At the outset the writers disavow any approval of crime or criminals and remark that an economist should not allow moral considerations to bias his study and analysis. He may not approve of farm share croppers nor sweat-shop labor, but he has to consider the economic facts.

And thus it is that these writers feel obliged to say that much of the activities of the underworld are economically productive. The "Jezebel" with painted face, the peddler of dope, the outfit that runs the gambling joint, the bootlegger, and even the contemptible wretch who sells indecent photographs, all produce goods or perform services which people desire and for which their customers are willing to pay. Society has put these goods and services under ban but people of the underworld go on producing them and there are people who consume them.

It is interesting to note that the racketeer may be producing the same effects in business as would the application of the theory of pure competition, they point out. According to the theory of pure competition, any one enterprise could immediately gain all the business of its rivals by a slight reduction in prices. Price competition would continue until there remained in the field only enterprises operating at the size of greatest efficiency and lowest average cost.

"While pure competition is only a theoretical concept," the article says, "it is conceivable that the racketeer may produce the beneficent effect by the use of his bombs and intimidations. A frequent clause in the code of racketeering aims at a restriction of the number of enterprises in the field and a prohibition of new enterprises. The net result is a greater sales volume for the remaining enterprises which enables them to allocate less overhead to each unit of sales and to provide for the racketeers' tribute and their own usual profits without raising the consumer's price."

While not in the least apologizing for crime as a moral phenomenon, we are forced to the conclusion that it is an industry like other industries. Even professional and avowed crime is an integral part of the economic system. As an industry, it gives direct employment to thousands of persons who would otherwise be in competition in the labor market, indirectly it contributes to the financial welfare of those who supply it with equipment and those who benefit by spending of the spoils.

"Most immediately it supports the manufacturers and sellers of tools of the criminal: a useful chisel offtimes becomes a prying 'jimmy'. It supports the landlords who rent houses of ill repute and offices of private detective agencies. More remotely, the most diverse and respectable industries are involved through our delicate underthinking exchange mechanism. The automobile manufacturers, for example, need draw no distinction between cars that are wrecked by criminals, through carelessness or intent, or 'stripped' for the parts, and those that wear out in providing normal transportation for law-abiding citizens.

"People depend upon crime for a living and do not realize what they owe to the bootlegger or gangster. The 'decent elements' of the community derive from the conditions that produce sordidness and crime the income which enables them to struggle against these conditions, just as the druggist's wife puts in the collection plate on Sunday the quarter that brought the ginger ale for someone's spree.

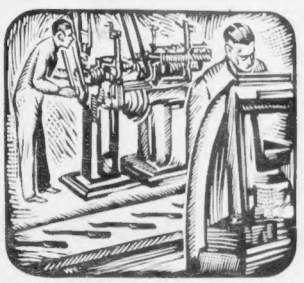
"Upon this paradox reform movements have often broken, for in proportion as reform movements succeed, they hurt business and in proportion as they hurt business they lose support. Nor is the opposition to reform solely a selfish action on the part of the interests immediately affected. If it were somehow possible to eliminate all crime suddenly, the effect on our entire economic structure would be as disastrous as the collapse of any other industry of similar magnitude.

"It would be a false inference to conclude that efforts to reduce crime should be altered," the writers assert. "Realistically, we know it would be extremely improbable that the fight on crime could succeed completely and quickly enough to cause serious dislocation of industry. This disrupting effect is purely a phenomenon of the short run. In the long run, no economic system can prosper by unproductive work.

"It is this difference between the unproductive work of the criminal and the crime prevention agencies, and their possible productive work, if productive work could be found for them to do, that represents a considerable portion of the ultimate cost of crime to the community. Such an evaluation on the economic balance-sheet of crime must credit to crime contributions that are permanent in their nature.

"It is not argued that these credits can be even approximately assessed for proper cancellation against the economic debts of crime," Waller and Hawkins conclude, "but it is emphasized that most of the estimates of the annual 'cost of crime' in the United States are sheer guesses, and much of the literature about it wholly fallacious. The costs of crime are too involved to be measured."

Well! Well! who would have supposed that the criminal was such a useful member of society?



The Underworld's Demand for Illegal Tools for Burglary, Etc., Often Supports Mechanics, the Same as Vice Provides a Living for Landlords and Private Detectives.

© 1936, by American Weekly Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Why They Think They Lived to Be Over 100

Hungary, Where Many Pass the Biblical Limit of Three Score and Ten Years, Begins a Study of Its Centenarians and Their Habits

This Is a Sketch of Mrs. Samuel Cohn, Drawn by Her Great-Great-Granddaughter, Because Mrs. Cohn Won't Have Her Photograph Taken, Thinking That if She Does Death Will See It in One of the Newspapers and Maybe Not Pay Any Attention to Its Forbidding Sign on the Door.

Rovin's Ten Commandments for Long Life.

1—Eat ten meals a day only!
2—Refrain from raw food!
3—Don't give way to care and sadness!
4—Bathe once a month!
5—Clean your intestines thoroughly twice a year!
6—Perspire vigorously once a month!
7—Sleep with your head bare!
8—Make love once a month!
9—Have your blood let once every ten years!
10—Don't consult doctors or take medicine!

An Old Print of John Rovin, Who Wrote the Ten Commandments Quoted Above, and His Wife, Sarah. They Were Married for 147 Years, and John Was 172 and Sarah 164 When They Died, According to the Eighteenth Century Account.

Mrs. Otto Zabratzky, 93, One of the Four Oldest Women in Hungary.

Simon Sonnenfeld, 98, the Oldest Man in Hungary.

Chief Ka-Be-Nah-Civey-Wence, the Oldest American, Who Died at the Reputed Age of 137, Though Official Records Were Lacking to Prove It.

Mrs. Samuel Cohn, of Maklar, Hungary, 111 Years Old, Attributes Her Long Life to the Fact That She Has Nailed for Many Years On Her Front Door a Placard Saying in Hungarian: "Mrs. Samuel Cohn Is Not at Home"—and When Death Comes Along to Collect Mrs. Cohn She Thinks He Reads This Notice, Scratches His Head in Perplexity and Passes On for a Time.

PRINTED above are the rules for health and longevity laid down by John Rovin, a hoary Hungarian who lived to the age of 172 years, according to records in the Museum of Csongrad, Hungary. Old John was born in 1552 and he is the oldest of the long list of centenarians which has attracted the attention of scientists to Hungary as one of the countries notable for the great age of some of its citizens. And this has stimulated scientists to make a careful statistical study and census of men and women over ninety.

While all Hungarians over ninety will be duly numbered in the end not if they really are as old as they claim, the four oldest living people in Hungary have already been discovered, ranging in age from 98 to 114 years, they are all women.

Evidently the old man haven't been following John Rovin's Ten Commandments for Long Life very carefully, for the oldest male thus far discovered is only ninety-eight years, although his good health and spryness may yet enable him to pass the record set by the oldest living woman, Mrs. Joseph Tandari, who was born in 1822 over 114 years ago.

With her son, Joseph, who is past seventy, Mrs. Tandari lives in the small village of Alsotanya, near the city of Szegad. For the past seven years she has been unable to speak and lately she has also become deaf and blind.

Joseph, who speaks for her, says that his mother has never smoked nor drunk alcoholic liquids. She has eaten the plain food of poor Hungarian peasants all of her active life. She has risen at dawn and gone to bed shortly after twilight. She has never been outside of her little village, nor concerned herself with the doings of the outside world. Recently she has been spending all of her time in bed doing a great deal of sleeping and enjoying sun baths and many cups of coffee.

Hungary's second oldest person is Mrs. Samuel Cohn who is still vigorous at the age of 111. With her sixty-six-year-old daughter she lives in the village of Maklar and when she was discovered by the scientists her eye wasn't all that interested them.

On the door of her house she has a sign, "COHN SAMUNÉ NINCS ITTHON," which means "MRS. SAMUEL COHN IS NOT AT HOME." Mrs. Cohn, in explaining the reason for this curious sign, admits that she is afraid to die and thinks that whenever Death, with his sharp scythe, comes up to her door to get her, he will read the sign, think she's not in, and therefore pass by.

Investigators talked to Mrs. Cohn and she answered questions willingly. But she refused to allow her picture to be taken as she believed that this was bad luck. Perhaps, she reasoned, the picture would appear in a newspaper or magazine somewhere where Death might see it.

Mrs. Cohn has one other unusual belief. She always has a bunch of flowers in her room and thinks that they are the best medicine in the world. She believes that in some mysterious way they suck all the disease out of the body and to prove it, she points out that she has scarcely ever been ill.

She is a healthy old lady who has a strong heart, a good appetite and is in full possession of all of her senses. She believes in eating three meals a day, being moderate in eating and drinking and sleeping seven hours each night.

"Old age is God's gift to those who have done much good in their lives. I have been very poor but always helped those who were even poorer than I was," she says.

She has eight children, two daughters still living. Her father and mother were over eighty when they died and she had an uncle who lived to the age of ninety-nine.

Mrs. Joseph Ranschburg is Hungary's third oldest living person. She is 102 years old and with her sixty-year-old daughter, she lives in Szeged. Being younger than Mrs. Cohn, it is natural that she is even more active. She gets around a good deal, mingling with the many people in the city who know her.

Plenty of sleep, anything you want to eat within moderation, no smoking or drinking and sufficient time to relax and enjoy life is the formula for living to a ripe old age, which she practices. She takes a walk every day and in fine weather she sits on a bench for as long as four hours at a time watching the children at play. Then when she goes home tired, but hungry and gaily humming an old tune, she sits down to a regular Hungarian meal including strongly seasoned native dishes.

Mrs. Ranschburg believes that the young folks of today cannot live to be as old as she is because they are wearing themselves out before their time. The old days were much better, she points out, saying: "Those were good times. We lived quietly and pleasantly. We loved our fellows and we believed in God. This, I think, is the secret of old age."

She doesn't put a great deal of faith in doctors, but permitted one to examine her and give her medicine once twelve years ago when she was suffering from pneumonia. That was the only time she was ever sick. She has had ten children, four of whom are still alive.

The youngest in the quartet of old people is Mrs. Otto Zabratzky, who is ninety-nine years old and lives in Budapest. She, too, is active and she has amazed the investigators by her appetite, for she eats a lot of heavy, filling food that proves indigestible to many a younger stomach. She is very fond of meat and her two daughters give her whatever she asks for.

Mrs. Zabratzky has never touched alcohol nor smoked. She had mumps and pneumonia, but outside of that has never been sick. Others of her family lived to an old age, her oldest sister having died at the age of ninety-eight.

She takes a bath once a month, reads a lot and every evening says a prayer for a good, undisturbed rest. She hates the telephone and does not know what a radio set is. Curiously enough, while she clearly remembers things that have happened seventy or eighty years ago, she very quickly forgets things that have happened just a few days ago.

Fifth on the list of oldest living Hungarians, and the oldest male thus far discovered, is Simon Sonnenfeld who was born ninety-eight years ago in Budapest. Unlike the four women who are older than he is, old Uncle Sonnenfeld, as he is called, drinks and smokes. He still enjoys five or six cigars every day as well as a couple of glasses of brandy.

He differs quite a bit from the views of the long-lived John Rovin. One bath every three months is plenty, he believes, and he also thinks that only two meals a day plays a nasty trick on a man's stomach. Uncle Sonnenfeld not only unfolds his napkin three times a day, but has an enormous appetite and eats everything that is placed before him.

As for Rovin's rule for making love once a month, Uncle Sonnenfeld is modest in his statements. He says that he still enjoys the sight of a good-looking woman and has had what he calls several innocent flirtations. He puts women fourth on his list of likes, the first three being theatres, books and the circus.

He says that the secret of his long life is that he was always content and cheerfully hoping for better times to come. In spite of the fact that they did not come and that today he is living in the Asylum for Destitute Merchants, this has not interfered with his cheerfulness. He says that the present age is greatly inferior to the past one and there is not nearly as much kindness and affection in the world today as there was in the last century.

In spite of his long life, Uncle Sonnenfeld was not always in good health and he has had more things the matter with him than any of the four women who are older than he is. Although he had been strong as a child, he had much trouble with his health later and at the age of eighty-four he had an operation. He was married once and had two children, both of whom are now dead. His sight and hearing are fairly good and his memory is excellent. He remembers events of his childhood particularly well.

Although Uncle Sonnenfeld is familiar with the use of the telephone and radio and knows a bit about automobiles and airplanes, he doesn't think much of these new-fangled contraptions, believing that the world back in the last century was a better place without them.

In searching for the secret of long life among their countrymen, the Hungarian scientists are proceeding carefully and taking no chances of making mistakes. They have profited by the experience of the Russian scientist, Professor Mitnikoff, who was so greatly interested in the figures of the latest census in Bulgaria that he made an investigation.

According to the census, there were 1,756 men and women living in Bulgaria whose age was over 100 years. Doubting the figures, Professor Mihalkoff set out to find the truth. He visited each of the 1,756 persons and closely questioned them. When he was all through, he decided that there were only 158 Bulgarians who were really over 100 years of age.

The scientists are now being faced with the same problem. They know that registering the population in remote, little villages is not always done accurately, for some of the peasants who may claim to be very old can neither read nor write and have no written documents of their birth date. An American Indian, Chief Ka-Be-Nah-Civey-Wence, of Minnesota, was believed to be 137 at his death, but lacked records to prove it.

This is one of the reasons why the scientists and research workers in Hungary have carefully prepared a list of sixty-two questions which they believe will serve both to check on the claims to longevity of the old folks and reveal what is responsible for their long life. Questioning is not to be left to chance, but is being conducted by doctors.

When all of the reports have been gotten together, the scientists will try to arrive at some scientific reason for the secret of long life.

What will that secret be? Will it be a set of rules such as were formulated by John Rovin hundreds of years ago? Will it be some mental scheme, such as that practiced by Mrs. Cohn who may conceivably have defeated death for several years because she has been convinced that she has outsmarted him? Or will it be some food or ingredient, such as yoghurt, the staple food of the Bulgarian peasant? Metchnikoff, the great Russian scientist, believed that this strongly fermented milk product swept the intestines clean of germs and had the effect of lengthening natural life. But few scientists today agree that it can be the sole cause of longevity.

A man who was probably the oldest living person in modern times, Zora Agha, died two years ago in Istanbul, Turkey, lacking scientific proof of his age, which he claimed to be 160 years.

Zaro Agha's death was hastened by the fact that people would not believe that he was as old as he claimed he was. Scientists who examined him agreed that he must have been well over a hundred years old and they were amazed when he lifted a 200-pound man like a child.

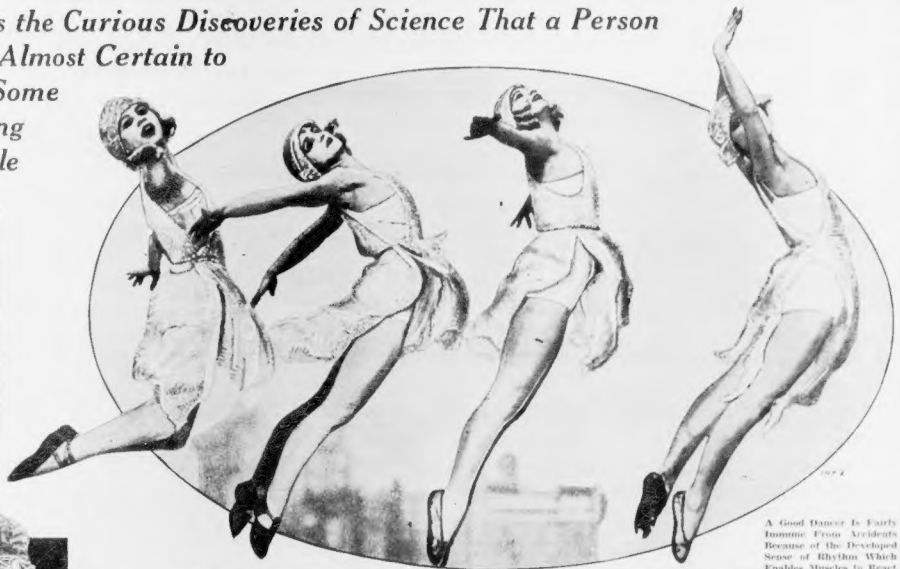
He never touched alcohol and up to the time he claimed he was a hundred years of age, he ate all the meat he could get. Then he turned vegetarian and developed a craving for candy. The doctors and scientists after looking him over reported that his pituitary gland functioned abnormally and it was suggested that this might have given him a lifelong immunity against infections.

© 1936, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Why ¾ths of All Accidents Happen Only to ¼th of the People

Professor Laird Explains the Curious Discoveries of Science That a Person Who Has One Mishap Is Almost Certain to Have Another, and Why Some of Us Can't Help Getting Continually Into Trouble

Albert "Chappy" Carmanico, Ottawa Wrestler, Stowing Away 101 Doughnuts in an Hour and Eight Minutes. The Doughnuts Did Not Hurt Him, but He Would Probably Have Had an Accident If He Had Driven an Automobile Within Three Hours.



Instinctively at Moments of Danger, and the Smallest Percentage of Accidents Occurs Among Rhythmic Dancers Like Those Shown in the Photograph Above.

A Good Dancer Is Fairly Immune From Accidents Because of the Developed Sense of Rhythm Which Enables Muscles to React

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sci.D., Director, Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

ABOUT three-quarters of all the accidents that occur happen to only one-quarter of the population.

Also, the man or the woman who has had one accident will have more. This curious fact, observed but not rightly accounted for during the centuries, is what has given rise to the superstition of jinxes and hoodoos.

But people are hoodooed by themselves. Their susceptibility to accidents is caused by some peculiar mental quality in the person himself, traits which he carries around with him constantly and which often get him into another accident before he is fully recovered from the first.

Industrial psychologists call these unfortunate people "accident-prone," and have made many studies of them recently to find how the toll of street and factory and home accidents can be lessened. Nowadays, once an accident-prone person is discovered in a factory, the management sees to it that he is kept away from work in which any element of danger is involved.

In England, Drs. Charles S. Myers, G. H. Miles and Eric Farmer, of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, have discovered beyond doubt that the best indication a person is going to have an accident some time in the future is the fact that he has previously had one.

The automobile driver who has had one accident should thereafter always keep to slow speeds when driving and keep off the highway during rush hours, weekends and avoid night driving.

After his second accident, if he wants to live long enough to grow whiskers, he would be wise to stop driving altogether, for the Fates are warning him that he is definitely accident-prone and undoubtedly in for serious trouble sooner or later.

State motor vehicle commissioners have recently discussed these strange facts, and in the near future it is quite probable that people who have had two or three motor accidents will be prohibited by law from ever driving again.

A few persons rush headlong from one accident to another on account of some physical peculiarity. High blood-pressure has been found the cause of many accidents to drivers. But a few other people are constitutionally slow reflexers and cannot move fast enough to get themselves or their machine out of a tight place.

Some have a sluggish thyroid gland which makes them awkward in using their muscles, so they just naturally walk into trouble. A small number of these accident-prone are that way on account of a group or two of their muscles being a little shorter than normal, making them muscle-bound in some actions.

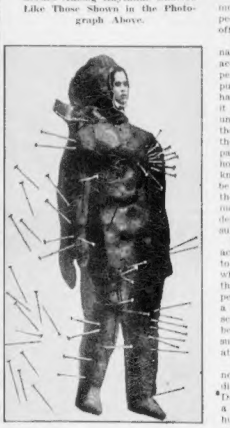
The person who is a poor dancer should be careful of himself in driving and around machinery. The persons most susceptible to accidents are good dancers, ballet girls and their like. This is because they have a sense of rhythm. Their muscles are highly trained and instinctively adjust themselves to continuous pausing falls and the like.

Accidents due to falls are the common among women. This is because of the peculiar construction of their hip and knee joints, which makes them slightly knock-kneed and top heavy. Dress reformers need to blame the high heels women wore for the large number of serious falls among the gentler sex, but now it appears that this inborn anatomical peculiarity of their legs is the more serious culprit.

Then there are some people who are repeaters in accidents because they are frankly speaking, too dumb to know better. A WPA worker was arrested in New York for reckless driving, for instance. Magistrate Charles Solomon found in court this man did not know what "danger" meant, did not know who was President of the United States added 13 and 17 to make 40, and not know what company his brother worked for, and did not even know how much he himself was paid as a WPA worker. Such people just can't keep from being in one accident after another.

A Subconscious Desire for Death Prompts Automobile Drivers and Others to Take Chances. Thelma Todd, the Late Screen Actress and Beauty, Died, According to Some Psychologists, Because of This Singular Obsession.

A Man Whose Emotions Are Too Strong Ought Not Drive an Automobile, for a Guardian Angel Is Not Always Around to Handle the Wheel Like the One Shown in This Amusing Cartoon by the German Artist Girod.



Witch Doll With a Photograph of the Person "Cursed" and Pins Stuck All Over to Bring About Sickness or Fatal Accidents. An Ancient Superstition Whose Origin Was Recognition of the Influence of the Mind Upon Conduct.

Stubbornness in Obeying Orders From the Boss Is Another Fertile Cause of Accidents. Many of Which Could Be Avoided If Workers Would Wear Such Equipment as the Above.

What some of these dangerous mental attitudes are was recently explained to the American Management Association by Dr. Robert N. McMurry, of the Psychological Corporation.

The stubborn person, whether university president or truck farmer, has more than his just share of accidents, Dr. McMurry stated. Such people have an ingrown antagonism to authority, to being told what or how to do things. They are foolishly impelled to do things, which they realize are hazardous and prohibited, simply because they are so self-willed they object to being told what to do. When they come to a stop sign, they are so urged on by their own blind antagonism to being given orders that they drive right on to the main highway and possibly into an accident. A rear seat driver will make them worse.

If the stubborn person, whose stubbornness leads him into an accident or traffic violation, is arrested, he is the sort most likely to fight back, to say he is being "framed" and persecuted by the officers. The real reason for his fighting back, as psychoanalysts have disclosed, is his deep-seated and almost pathological hatred of authority, of being ordered around.

The worker who resents being told by the boss what to do is, nine chances out of ten, only another person with ingrowing stubbornness who has more than his share of accidents. When told to wear goggles to protect his eyes, the obstinate worker is the fellow who will take a chance, and possibly lose his vision, just to show them that he is his own boss.

Another mental attitude which causes people to be accident-prone is the streak to show-off, or exhibitionism as it is technically called.

"He is the person who, while an adult physically, is emotionally still a child," says Dr. McMurry. "He has an insatiable craving for attention. As a child he got it by standing on his head before his mother's guests; now he gets it by being reckless.

"When he drives he cuts corners, misses other vehicles by fractions of inches, and drives at high speeds on crowded highways. Such persons are often actually very skillful and succeed in going for long periods without reaping the consequences of their folly."

College students, for example, will drive around the campus sensibly all year, except the times when there are girls present for a house party, whereupon the exhibitionists among the students push the accelerator to the floor and zip dangerously around curves—for no other reason than inability to control themselves in the opportunity to show off. This is a trait which is more common among persons under twenty-five years of age, and affords an excellent illustration of the statement of Dr. Richard Hutchings, of the Utica State Hospital, that the weaknesses in one's personality can be diagnosed by the way he drives.

College professors are poor drivers, and have a disproportionate number of accidents, because of another mental attitude which leads folk into accidents. This is day-dreaming. Of this type of person, Dr. McMurry says, "he may be, and often is, extremely conscientious—but his mind wanders. Perhaps he is operating a punch press. Entirely lost in contemplation of his date the night before, he absent-mindedly inserts his finger instead of the metal into the press. If he is a driver, he may have his attention caught by some shapely miss on the sidewalk and forget entirely that he is guiding a rapidly moving vehicle."

Recently a schoolboy was hit by an automobile while crossing the street. When the investigators talked with his teachers they discovered that the boy had an unusually vivid imagination and was given to almost continuous day-dreaming. Then talking with the boy, it was found that on his way home from school that afternoon he had been thinking about a story his teacher had told and, absorbed by his imagination, did not remember a thing he had done while walking along.

Whether driver or pedestrian, these mental attitudes cause accidents, for pedestrians can be stubborn and show-offs just as well as drivers can.

A grotesque, but rare, quirk of human nature causes a few persons to have accident after accident. This is the person with definitely pathological impulses to destroy himself, but who still has enough reason left to try to make it appear as an accident. Led on by unconscious motives, they will cross the street habitually in the middle of the block, darting out from between parked cars into the thick of traffic, hoping secretly and perhaps unknown to themselves, that they will be fatally injured. Such a person was the late Thelma Todd, the well-known motion picture actress, whose tragic death, many psychologists think, resulted from this "death thought."

This bizarre attitude, in its less acutely developed forms, is closely akin to the flagellants of old who would whip themselves as self-punishment for their imagined sins. These modern persons with a heavy conscience, with a lurking feeling of guilt, often unconsciously walk into trouble and injury because they unwittingly believe they suffering they will experience will atone for their imagined sin or guilt.

"Many an instance of clumsy carelessness is not simply a matter of the individual's inability to coordinate," says Dr. McMurry. "It is the expression of a strong need on his part for self-humiliation or injury. Many apparently inadvertent slips of the hand, often leading to serious injury, may be traced to this source."

Neither is it to the credit of human nature that many accidents are caused by over-eating. One reason why Sunday is a bad day for traffic accidents is because so many drivers overtax their stomachs on that day and those over-loaded stomachs cause accidents in an interesting way.

When the stomach is at work digesting a meal it draws blood from other parts of the body to help in the work. This blood is shunted chiefly from the brain and skin. The bigger the meal eaten, the more blood is shunted from the brain, and the longer the brain is kept pale by the thieving stomach. So the person who eats a heavy meal before going out driving on Sunday is going out on the highways with an undernourished brain, and in a semi-drowsy condition which slows down both his thinking and moving.

That is why so many Sunday drivers can honestly be called half-asleep drivers. They have eaten themselves into drowsiness. Instead of being on the highway, or at work on week-days, they should be taking a nap to sleep off their over-indulgence in food.

For example, Albert Carmanico, Ottawa wrestler, ate 101 doughnuts in exactly one hour and eight minutes. During that time he consumed a quart of water and also ate a small China saucer for dessert. On another occasion he ate three dozen fried eggs, one loaf of bread, one dozen oranges and one dozen bananas. Most people would certainly have had an accident to their digestive machinery but "Chappy" didn't. Yet if he had tried to drive an automobile within three or four hours after each of these meals it is probable that he would have landed in a hospital, the blood necessary for the proper working of his brain being taken up by the processes of digestion.

The person who has eaten a heavy meal on Sunday should not drive his automobile for at least three hours after finishing the meal.

© 1936, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

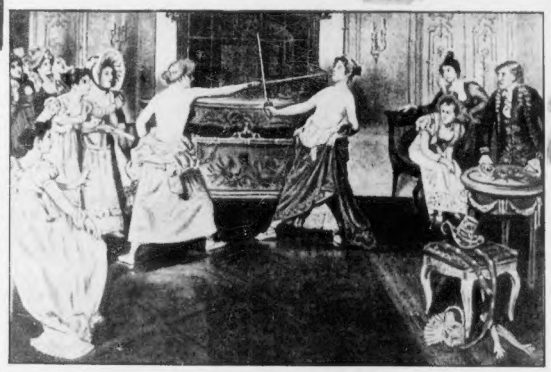
Hair-Pulling Undignified, So They Fought With Swords

Only One Inch Margin Between Life and Death When Two Blonde Hungarian Beauties Settled Their Differences on the "Field of Honor"

Miss Aniko Voros, Who Proved the Better Swordswoman in Her Duel With Valy.

"An Affair of Honor," the Famous Old Painting by Emile Bayard, Showing Two Women Fighting Over a Lover.

Miss Valy Racz, Who Narrowly Missed Death in the Duel Between Her and Her Cabaret Rival, Miss Voros.



Painting of the Historic Duel Between Madame Durand and Madame Lasalle During the French Directory, in the Latter Part of the Eighteenth Century.

The First Photograph Ever Taken of a Duel Between Women—Mlle. Martineaud and Mme. Latulle, in Paris, in 1896.

BUDAPEST, Aug. 1.

WHICH, the blonde, [illegible] attractive Voros from Buda-[illegible] chief rivalry to that large, [illegible] beautiful and attractive Aniko Voros to a duel one was convinced with a unique passion. Both are Miss Voros. Her other athletic Hungarian women and learned to fence and were skilful swordswomen. But though Hungary, as well as France is the home of the duel, and, since time after seemingly [illegible] romantic nations find redress in affairs of honor, no fencing master is expert, sportsman, second to know just what the dueling code for women reads.

One cannot go out and fight a duel in Hungary. There are certain formalities to be observed in an affair of honor and [illegible] one of the [illegible] and customary is [illegible] the [illegible] a [illegible] and a duel [illegible] cannot leave each [illegible] not satisfy the honor of the insulted party, but brings score and [illegible] to both.

Miss Racz was in a particularly desperate position. She had been insulted, she felt, and she wanted satisfaction. But in undergoing Miss Voros she wanted to be careful not to set herself up for the hair-pulling match or table-scratching bout which some of her friends seemed to think would occur. There were others, too, who openly scoffed and said that a duel between ladies never really amounted to anything. But Miss Racz decided that the insult which she had received at the hands of Miss Voros was much too severe to be ignored. Blood must flow.

The affair had started over a popular song. The two girls had been fine friends when they were singing in cafes in separate parts of Budapest. But when Valy Racz got an engagement to sing at the Cafe Negresco in the Danube Palace, and Aniko Voros started to croon at the nearby Beatle Grill, the mere nearness of the two places made it natural that they should become rivals. Valy and Aniko began to watch each other's success jealously and gradually grew estranged.

As usual, there were well-meaning friends who fed the flames of their jealousy. One would run to Valy's dressing room and report that Aniko had taken a half dozen encores—"I don't know why my heat she certainly hasn't your voice."

Another would drop in to see Aniko during the course of the evening and describe in detail how in her which Valy had made with a startling Parisian opera director. She undoubtedly will be given a contract to appear in opera next year. Although her voice lacks the range and sustenance of yours—

This tale-bearing lasted quite a while before the affair came to a climax. Some days the young ladies were engaged by the Hungarian Broadcasting Company to sing on alternate nights. And they both chose to sing the same popular song.

The first time they did so their friends and officials of the broadcasting company thought it was a coincidence. But when they continued to sing the same number each time they went on the air, there was only one thing to be done. The radio executives placed a ban on the song for a month.

Aniko was the first to become indignant. So her song was banned. And the cause of this great injustice she told her friends, was that people had become sick and tired of a woman-Serbian song because Valy Racz had killed it." She sang it badly, she got the wrong tempo, she ignored [illegible] when no one asked her, and her coffin performance was a heavy [illegible] and another two years' run in it at least.

Some of Valy's friends heard Aniko's remarks and rushed over to the Negresco to tell her what had been said. Valy became incensed. In her opinion Aniko's rendition of the song didn't come anywhere near hers. Her remarks were an insult to her professional pride and honor. But she, Valy, was a lady. She would not stoop to getting even. She would settle the affair as ladies and gentlemen should settle such affairs—with a duel.

But this was easier said than done. When she and her friends started to make inquiries as to the exact procedure which a lady should follow, they found the information sadly lacking.

"A duel between women?" replied one of the foremost Hungarian fencing masters when asked for his advice. "I would suggest cream puffs at ten paces, not rapiers or sabres. Women are afraid to face naked steel!"

A search through all available records was even less encouraging. Valy learned that in October, 1935, another native of Budapest, Mrs. Alice Kalosa, had challenged the husband of her employer, Mr. Ballot Kemeny to a duel because she had been insulted by Mrs. Kemeny. But when the opponents had faced each other, Mr. Kemeny had refused to fight.

Mrs. Kalosa," he had said, "you are the pluckiest woman I've ever met. I humbly apologize in my wife's name and in my own for anything which we have considered an insult. I assure you that no offense was meant. I'm sorry I can't give you full satisfaction with arms but I can't bring myself to fight a woman."

Two years before that incident, two women, Miss Magda Fulop and Miss Annie Tarnoczay, also of Budapest, had nearly fought a duel over a bridge quarrel. But when they faced each other with gleaming rapiers, one of the seconds had said to the grim-faced combatants:

"Both of you have given brilliant proof of your courage. But you have forgotten in your anger that you were friends and that bloodshed is little suited to the lives of such women as yourselves. Please, Miss Fulop, since you are the offender, offer chivalrous apology before it is too late."

This final appeal had its effect and the women dropped their rapiers and rushed to embrace each other.

Nevertheless, Valy Racz would not give up. A duel was what she wanted and a duel was what she would get, with all of the fancy trimmings. She had an inspiration. Paris was the real home of dueling wasn't it? Well, she would send to Paris to an old fencing master she knew for full information as to the correct procedure to follow.

About a week thereafter she was in possession of full instructions for fighting a duel in a manner befitting ladies of honor. The old fencing master sent her a dueling code based upon the rules drawn up in 1908 when two Parisians, Mlle. de Namias and Mme. d'Alaza had fought a duel with great fury, many tears and a little bloodshed. The two ladies at that time had been most considerate for the future of lady duellists even to having a photographer record details of the historical meeting to preserve for future generations.

The code which they had drawn up and which Valy Racz followed with a few modern improvements, especially relating to the "sleeveless chemisettes" for which sports shirts were substituted was as follows:

Ladies' Code Duello:

1. The weapon chosen is the regulation dueling rapier.
2. Sleeveless chemisettes, light shoes and gloves at will are the restrictions as to clothing.
3. A space of 15 metres (16 yards) behind each contestant is allowed and ground gained in any onslaught is allowed to the advantage of the one gaining it.
4. Each onslaught is to last two minutes, with two-minute intervals of rest.
5. "Clinches" are forbidden as well as the use of the free arm.
6. The duel shall cease upon the orders of the seconds, following their consultation with the physicians in attendance.

Having studied the data carefully, Valy was ready to proceed with the duel. She called in two gentlemen friends of hers whom she appointed her seconds and gave them instructions. The following evening they presented themselves in Aniko's dressing room and announced that Miss Racz had been grievously insulted. She demanded satisfaction and as the insulted party she had chosen rapiers.

Much surprised but indignant, Aniko called in two of her male friends and appointed them seconds. Then the four gentlemen withdrew to a neighboring cafe to discuss details of the duel. They decided to comply with the rules of the Ladies' Code Duello and limit the affair to three rounds of two minutes each with two-minute rest periods between the rounds. The affair was to take place in a nearby park at dawn on the following morning.

Shortly after the sun topped the horizon the next day, the duelling party appeared. Aniko and Valy were each accompanied by their two seconds and a physician, and the referee, a prominent swordsman came to the rendezvous alone, as required of one who was strictly neutral.

The combatants looked pale and drawn as the preparations were made for the duel.

Dressed in a long coat, Valy stood nervously chatting with her seconds as the referee calmly marked out the duelling ground. Aniko, likewise muffled in a sport coat shuddered as the physicians took the rapiers from their cases and applied an antiseptic solution to the blades. When all of the preparations had been made, the referee called the two rivals to him.

"I must warn you ladies," he said, "that duelling is not to be considered lightly. It is by no means a feminine pastime. If you persist in going forward with this affair of honor, neither of you is to reveal what has taken place. Miss Racz, as the insulted party, do you still insist upon this duel?"

Valy Racz grimly nodded her pretty head, and the two girls then handed their coats to their seconds. Young, lithe figures that seemed none too sure of themselves, they faced each other in trim sports clothes.

They glanced coldly at each other and, as the referee gave the word to begin, they fell into the on-guard position which they had practiced so often in fencing school. Curiously enough, Aniko, who had been the more timid of the two up to this time, now became the aggressor. Her foil flashed rapidly as it was skillfully parried by Valy. They had sized each other up and found that they were rather evenly matched, when the referee called time and the first round ended.

As they clashed blades at the start of the second round, Valy decided to take the offensive. Time after time she lunged, but her strokes were parried just as skillfully by Aniko.

Valy went on guard at the beginning of the third round the more tired of the two. Losing caution she feinted and lunged, getting herself off balance. Aniko saw her chance. Up and over Valy's blade, her rapier danced, missed the body and cut her opponent's forehead, just missing by an inch putting out one of her eyes, or perhaps killing her.

Valy faltered. As the blood trickled down from the gash, she stumbled backward, dropped her weapon and fainted dead away.

The doctors were at her side in a moment. They laid her on the grass, her head pillowed by a rolled up coat. They inspected the wound and discovered that it was a painful but not very serious cut.

Aniko, repentant, rushed to Valy's side sobbing. Not only had she insulted the friend she had once liked so much but she had also almost blinded her. Kneeling beside the unconscious girl and chafing her wrists she wept and swore to be loyal ever after to Valy if the latter would only forgive her.

One of the physicians held a bottle of strong smelling salts beneath Valy's delicate nostrils and the wounded girl suddenly sat up. When she saw Aniko crying beside her the situation suddenly lost its tragic atmosphere. She laughed as her head was being bandaged and then the two girls threw themselves into each other's arms and vowed unending friendship.

Curiously enough, the duel was fought on the anniversary of the first recorded chivalrous encounter between two actresses. Exactly forty years previously, in 1896, two French ladies, Mlle. Renee Martineaud and Mme. Gerome Latulle had met on the field of honor.

Mlle. Martineaud had been promised the leading role in a play. At the last moment, however, the role was given to Mme. Latulle, a newcomer. The latter was immediately challenged to a duel by the outraged Mlle. Martineaud and the encounter took place without either being wounded.

A still more bizarre duel between Frenchwomen occurred during the Directory period, following the Revolution. Madame Durand considered herself insulted because Madame Lasalle had called her a "sausage," and a duel was hastily arranged in a salon. Madame Lasalle chivalrously lowered her sword when Madame Durand's skirt fell inconveniently low and honor was declared satisfied.

© 1936, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

SEEMS LIKE EVERYBODY'S CRAZY ABOUT RITZ THIS SUMMER!

The most remarkable cracker you've ever tasted—you just can't stop eating them!

One of the most pleasant surprises of your life will be your first taste of Ritz! You'll hardly believe it possible for a cracker to be so delicious, so richly crisp, so nut-like in its satisfaction.

And Ritz is just made to order for serving with summer beverages and dishes. It gives them a new body and thrill that just can't be described.

You'll forget the hot weather—you'll forget everything except—"Pass the Ritz, please!"

There's a gayer note in the party when Ritz arrives. (In fact, it's getting so that guests expect you to serve Ritz crackers!)

RITZ BRINGS OUT HIDDEN FLAVORS IN SALADS, TOO

A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
bakers of **Uneeda Biscuit** *and hundreds of other favorite varieties*

LIKE RITZ, EVERY NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY VARIETY IS AT THE TOP OF ITS CLASS!

UNEEDA BISCUIT has that light, crisp quality everybody likes. A delicious (and thrifty) soda cracker with many uses. Plain or salted.

PREMIUM FLAKE CRACKERS —crisp, nourishing soda crackers with a salty tang. Children love them with milk. Try them with salads.

FIG NEWTONS —wholesome cake, with a filling of real fig jam that gives them an extra delicious flavor. A typical example of N.B.C. quality.

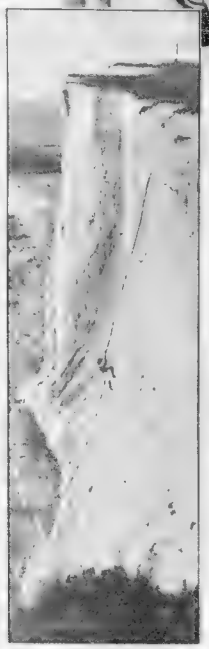
LORNA DOONE SHORTBREAD —extra rich and delicious —an ideal treat alone or served with desserts. Especially good with coffee

N. B. C. GRAHAM CRACKERS —a delicious and nourishing food with an individual flavor appeal. A favorite with children.

L E L Robinson C A L I

Mr. Chandler, Out of a Job, Studies Defoe's Famous Hero and Finds a Successful Substitute for His Lonely Island on a Storm-Swept British Beach

Crusoe Had Only His Parrot and Man Friday to Worry About, but Crusoe Chandler Has a Wife and Six Children to Complicate His Problems

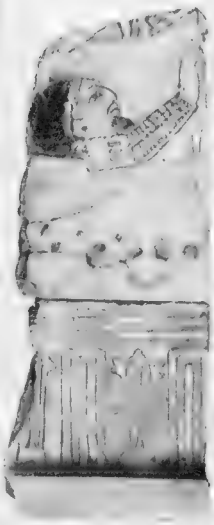


The Eldest of the Chandler Boys Carrying Water and Supplies to the Family Seashore Camp

B S C B

Mighty Sennacherib's Letters to His Father,
"Bricks Without Straw" of th
Fascinating Finds b

One of the Brick Tiles Bearing the Name of Rameses II Recovered in His Palace at Kantir, Egypt, and Believed to Be One of the "Bricks Without Straw," Mentioned in the Bible Which the Israelites Were Forced to Make.



Another Tile From an Egyptian Palace, One of Several From the Steps of the Throne and Believed to Be One of the "Bricks Without Straw" Made by the Israelites. Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Stairway of the Palace of King Ahab and t
University Expedition, the Second

Rouge Pot Found With Many Similar Utensils in the Ruins of Wicked Queen Jezebel's Palace Near Samaria and Possibly Used by Her.

Amusing Ancient Mosaic of a Little Shepherd Boy Found at Daphne Near Antioch, the City So Closely Associated With the Foundation of Christianity.

Part of the Great Stables of King Solomon at
His 12,000 Chariot Horses Found by the

Ruins of the City of Lachish, Palestine, Capt
Destroyed by King Nebuchadnezzar,
Discovered by the We

We [illegible] Captured Jehu From Her Palace, the [illegible] Were Here Recently Excavated by a Harvard Expedition Bringing to Light Many Other Interesting Relics of Her [illegible] Courtesy of [illegible] Corbould, R. A.

T

[illegible] nd of Asseria It is well with the [illegible] well with every fortified city of the [illegible] e heart of the king my lord, be ex- [illegible]

[illegible] Kanchan have come, bring- [illegible] seven stools of mules they bring [illegible] ne tiptoe in with the mules [illegible] ged to the house of the [illegible] The food they eat is at their [illegible] They would set out (and) would [illegible] t to Babylon. Shall they not re- [illegible] cording as we spoke to the king [illegible] quickly the cloth (and) [illegible] ng at the same time The [illegible] twelve received seven talents [illegible] are not satisfied, [illegible] let them bring the [illegible] hearken,' let the [illegible] whomsoever they shall [illegible]

[illegible] explanation of the marvelous [illegible] Assurian army mentioned in the [illegible] have not yet found this [illegible] in time, for there is [illegible] arresting episode narrated in [illegible] a real occurrence They [illegible] of his campaigns [illegible] various inscrip- [illegible] of his great successes [illegible] a reverse at the [illegible] Hebrews

[illegible] Jezebel is a very picturesque [illegible] character and in spite of her [illegible] excites a good deal of mod- [illegible] because she was so gay and so [illegible] Therefore, very satisfying to [illegible] archeologists are finding many [illegible] King Ahab of Israel married [illegible] to the idolatrous Sidonians [illegible] in defiance of the Israelite [illegible] she was a very fascinating [illegible] and magnificently. She [illegible] and the other Israelite Prophets [illegible] into the wilderness

[illegible] Lord, [illegible] Jehu raised a rebellion in [illegible] revoked Ahab's family. Finally he [illegible] Jezebel in her palace at Jezreel [illegible] she painted her face and decked her head with jewels and looked out of the window. As Jehu entered the city she called out scornfully: "Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" referring to a man who had acted like Jehu. She knew she was going to be killed but she kept up her spirits to the last. Then Jehu ordered her thrown down from the window and the dogs ate her flesh in the palace ground.

Now a Harvard expedition at the ruins of Jezreel, near Samaria have found a number of small stone implements which were [illegible] mainly the cosmetic boxes of Jezebel and her ladies for they contained many small holes with traces of different colors in them and a central depression for mixing the paints

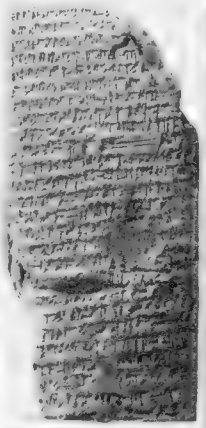
One saucer, for instance, had twelve rounded holes on the rim in two of which there was still some powdered copper ore. These saucers were employed in order to prepare the [illegible] substances contained in face paints by powdering them with a bone, metal or hæmatite pestle. Powdered kohl was used in order to paint the eyebrows and eyelashes black. This substance had a certain prophylactic value in keeping [illegible] out of the eye. Powdered [illegible] were employed to paint the [illegible] and enhance the natural [illegible] The traces of red found on, [illegible] perhaps, the last cosmetic [illegible] ordered her thrown out of the window.

Some of the most interesting [illegible] have been made at ancient M[illegible] Professor William F. Rade, [illegible] of the Pacific School of [illegible] found a large burial cave [illegible] customs described in the [illegible] husband, Abraham, a [illegible] From the badly crushed [illegible] the bronze and iron [illegible] the distinguished archeologist [illegible] least sixty individuals were [illegible] ing the early Iron Age [illegible]

The sixty or more persons [illegible] a long family history and [illegible] Abraham's purchase of [illegible] bury his wife Sarah. [illegible]

[illegible] D [illegible] IP

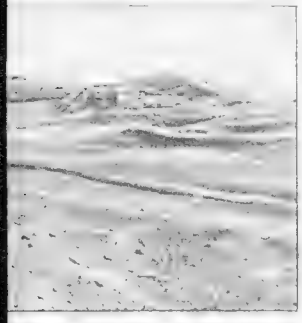
[illegible]e Rouge Jars of Wicked Queen Jezebel, the [illegible] Israelites, and Other Recent [illegible] the Archeologists



One of a Series of Letters On Clay Tablets by King Sennacherib to His Father

Doré's Picture of the Walls of Jericho Falling After Joshua Had Marched Around Them for Seven Days—The Latest Excavations Have Proved That Walls Did Fall in Some Sudden Catastrophe

Foundations of the Walls of Ancient Jericho Recently Excavated by the Wellcome Expedition of England and Revealing That the Walls Were Overthrown in Joshua's Time



(Continued on Page 181)

Pied Piper

by Curtis B. Leland

The Story of a Mystery Man and What Happened to the Girl Who Fell in Love With Him. Complete in This Issue.

B

On the Steps That Led Down to the Water She Saw Jerome Rodman, Still Garbed in Patched Pants, and He Was Helping a Girl Into a Gondola

It's our family's whiskey neighbor—and neighbor, it's your price!

The Millionth Case of our Family's Whiskey!

You must be finding it mighty tasty

us to follow their ways—so it's what you would call a real honest to goodness Family's Recipe you got here—and you're getting the exact same whiskey that us distillers like to drink ourselves!

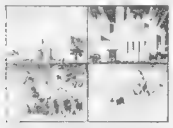
Harry E. Wilken

Free A copy of our Wilken Family Cookbook if you'll just drop me a post card or letter care of The Maples R.F.D. No. 7, Stamford, Conn.

THE WILKEN FAMILY BLENDED WHISKEY

SUPERVISED BY THE WILKEN FAMILY

TEXAS
AND THE
CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATIONS



TEXAS CENTENNIAL
1936
SEND FOR LITERATURE

Pied Piker *By Curtis B. Leland*

nice to him, nobody had told him good-bye, nobody cared where he

running that pie-faced girl from the other party

down and half carried, had pushed her to the door

(Continued on Page 18)

"Thank goodness, I can use MUM *in a hurry!*"

MUM

"The thing I like—Mum for me is that I can use it in a hurry. I can even put on and have no time to spare. It's certainly a joy to be able to make the part of my toilet so quick and sure with Mum.

ON SANITARY NAPKINS TO

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

THE AMES ADVERTISING AGENCY

SKIN ITCHY?
Try This for Quick Relief

SAM'L PEPYS

Another of those Snappy Buicks with
SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS, PISTONS
PISTON EXPANDERS
PISTON PINS, VALVES
CYLINDER SLEEVES

THIS BOOKLET FREE

uncap Schlitz for health with enjoyment

DRINK beer for enjoyment, of course. But drink SCHLITZ . . . **the beer with SUNSHINE VITAMIN D** . . . for refreshment plus the benefits of Sunny Health . . . for Schlitz is *extra good* for you. Schlitz caps the climax of beer goodness with its old-time flavor and bouquet, mellowed to ripe perfection under Pasteurized ENZYME CONTROL . . . bringing you new health benefits . . . and at no increase in price. Drink it today and every day for health with enjoyment.

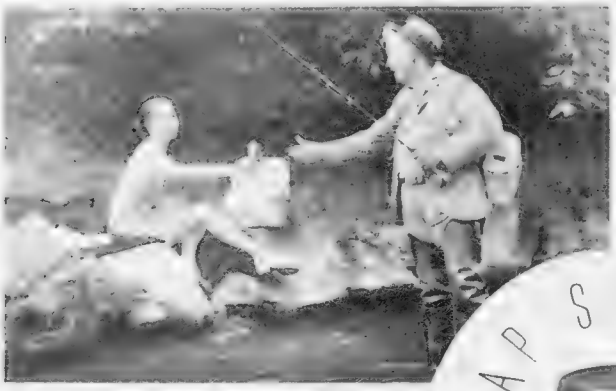
Schlitz
with Sunshine
VITAMIN-D

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

Caps the climax ...every time!

NO EMPTIES TO RETURN... NO DEPOSITS... NO BREAKAGE

OPENS AND POURS LIKE A BOTTLE... TRUE BREWERY FLAVOR



DRINK FROM THE CLEAN, CAP-PROTECTED CAN

HALF THE WEIGHT AND HALF THE SPACE

BEER in CANS

THERE's nothing like good cold beer to top off any summer activity

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

Easy to open . . . easy to pour . . . easy to drink right from the can . . . pour and drink from clean, cap-protected opening . . . taste guarded by special lining that is to metal what beer barrel lining is to wood . . . ALSO—no light can get at beer . . . no deposits to pay . . . no empties to return . . . takes up only half as much space . . . cools quicker . . . sanitary, used once, thrown away . . . no danger of breakage . . . can holds 12 fluid ounces—same as bottle

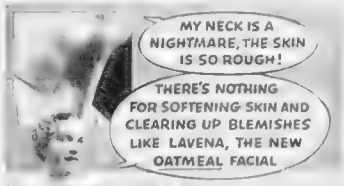
Continental Can Company

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

Bible Stories Confirmed by New Discoveries in Palestine

IF YOU WEAR
FALSE TEETH
Try New Dentured Powder

Pied Piker *By Curtis B. Leland*


MY NECK IS A NIGHTMARE, THE SKIN IS SO ROUGH!
THERE'S NOTHING FOR SOFTENING SKIN AND CLEARING UP BLEMISHES LIKE LAVENA, THE NEW OATMEAL FACIAL
LAVENA
The 7 Minute Oatmeal Facial

Flatters your Skin in glaring sun!

NEW
GLARE-PROOF
POWDER SHADES

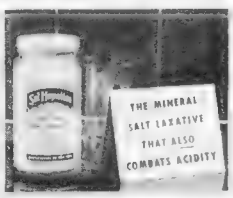
POND'S "SUNLIGHT"
Shades soften the
hard glare of the sun on Your Face

Out in the ruthless glare of the sun, skin faults are

I TOOK A LAXATIVE AND IT WORKED, YET I STILL FEEL HALF-SICK.
IF YOU'D ONLY TAKEN SAL HEPATICA—THE LAXATIVE THAT COMBATS ACIDITY, TOO. IT MADE ME FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS!

Vacation warning!

...a laxative is not enough...you must COMBAT ACIDITY, too!



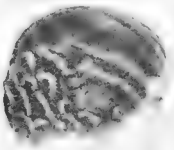
TUNE IN:

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

A Short History of Ice Cream

W

SEE your GRAY HAIR as others see it



FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

SUMMER COLDS

V-E-M

ACTUALLY KILLS FLEAS

Instead of Merely Stupefying them

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

BEWARE OF FOOT ITCH

DR. Scholl's SOLVEX

Stop that Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING In Or Money

D.D.D. Prescription

Enjoy Feminine Comfort

Stirizol

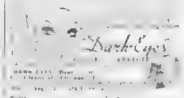
B C M S B

S

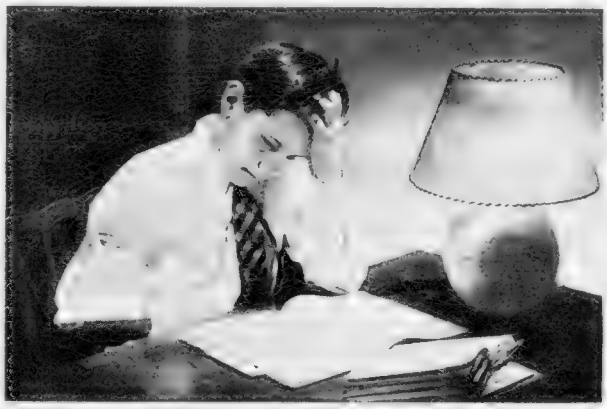
CHAPTER XIV

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

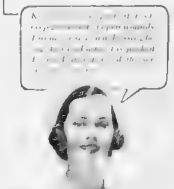
SWIMPROOF "Dark-Eyes" EYELASH DARKENER



READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly — there's no other magazine like it

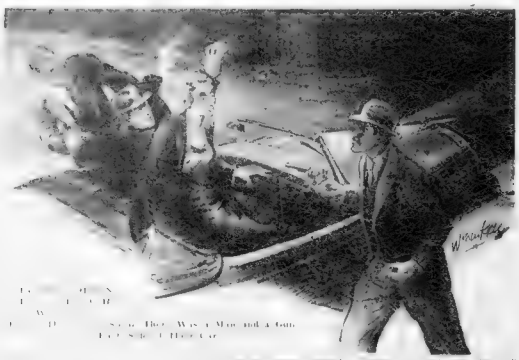


LEARNING TO WRITE . . . ALL OVER AGAIN

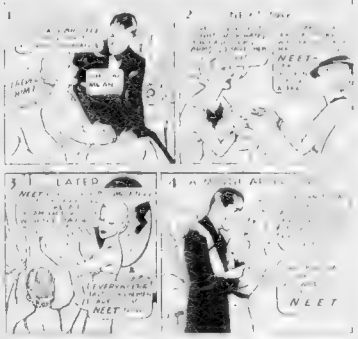


Don't risk infection . . . be safe with Johnson-Johnson RED CROSS PRODUCTS

B C M S B



Why Janet Threw Her Razor Away



NOW! Actually Get Rid of Sharp "Razor Stubble"

After Removing Arm and Leg Hair

What It Is

Where To Obtain

...anything new in the field of science ... described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

WONDERFUL FOR THESE SKIN BLEMISHES

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

THE VIENNESE ROOF ATOP THE FAMOUS ST. REGIS HOTEL IN NEW YORK

CHAMPION DIVER.

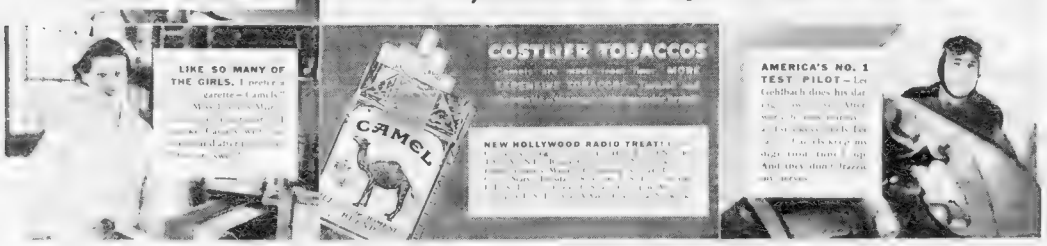
AS EVERY Camel smoker knows, Camels at mealtime help ... a delightful sense of well-being. You eat with relish ... with greater zest. Camels increase the flow of the digestive fluids ... in a pleasant way.

Read What Leading Athletic Coaches, Trainers, Row Coaches, Physical Directors and Others Say About Camels

MRS. NICHOLAS PENNIMAN, III, charming

Each Camel at mealtime adds its measure of cheer ... stimulates digestion ... increases alkalinity. So—

"For Digestion's Sake ... Smoke Camels"


LIKE SO MANY OF THE GIRLS, I prefer a cigarette—Camels.
CAMEL
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
NEW HOLLYWOOD RADIO TREAT!!
AMERICA'S NO. 1 TEST PILOT—

CHAPTER XV

Sani-Flush
CLEANS TOILETS WITHOUT SCOURING

A Word Picture
of 1/10,000 of an inch

by HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
NOTED ARTIST AND ILLUSTRATOR

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

For Highest Quality

NET WEIGHT
BLUE RIBBON
MALT EXTRACT
PREMIER-PABST CORPORATION
LENA
BE SURE to call for Blue Ribbon Malt and you'll be sure to get full 3 pounds of the utmost in malt quality. That's why millions of malt users always say—"Give me good old Blue Ribbon Malt."
FULL 3 POUNDS

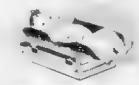
BLUE RIBBON MALT
America's Biggest Seller

Summer brings new worries... but not to Mothers who feed these

SAFER BABY FOODS!

Libby's EXTRA process "explodes" food cells—
makes baby's vegetables, fruits and cereal EASIER TO DIGEST

Worries over digestive upsets reduced!



Baby gets more nourishment, too!

In each tin—three foods!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

6 Special Combinations: 1. ... 2. ... 3. ... 4. ... 5. ...

Libby's HOMOGENIZED* BABY FOODS

* An exclusive Libby process that for the first time completely ...

FREE ... Mothers: Mail coupon today for this helpful new book "Better Feeding for Your Baby"

CHAPTER XVI

Alone With the Prince.

OUTSIDE, the hot breath of the desert night, the low leering stars the unbe-

Continued on Page

B C M S B

bedroom door!

CHAPTER XVII

Before the Rescue

S

by Prince drew at [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

Box Car

by Madeleine Sharpe Buchanan

(Continued from Page 22)

But it got too hot for me. I had to go away."

"That man—that Gardiner man," began Sally angrily. "You mean to say he—"

Tressa yawned and held one shapely limb high in the moonlight.

"Look! Runners in that stocking! She mustn't! No, kid, don't flatter him. The small boy cried afterward, but the female fox will tell you the story of whether or not Mr. Gardiner succeeded in mauling poor little girl Red."

Sally looked at the bored big face. And there in fifteen feet a thing she dreamed from early girlhood, Mr. Gardiner's badger.

"I can't—can't—you don't—mean Tressa, will you explain the ruined stocking? "And are these—doesn't seem right on a girl—in love." I'll say. "Not a mucker here to spoil, kid. Those Wood nymphs' yarns are the limit."

"What in—you mean?" asked Sally, beginning to feel better, as she always did when she was near Tressa.

"I beat it," explained Tressa patiently. "I tried two cars and found my luggage and was afraid to walk around Hollywood, now standing. Beauty, eh? Those huskies on fire. I ran for miles, I guess, before I ran into Smokey."

"Smokey?" Sally's eyes opened wide with amusement.

"Sure, Smoky. He got to worrying about me and asked questions to learn and started wandering out to search. He didn't have a car because he was dead broke. He'd been playing cards all night. I guess we'd better all stick to here runs or the desert, Sally. This town life don't get us well on us."

Sally was laughing helplessly.

"Then did Smoky bring you home?" she gasped.

"Sure he did. That is, I was able to walk," said Tressa a bit stiffly. "We just smoldered along in the moonlight and rested now and then. Smoky had a flask in his pocket and that helped."

Sally's own hectic night rushed back upon her.

"And this Gardiner man—I know he's mighty nice, she worried, putting off her confession. "Because you danced on the desert to get a lift."

"Well, of course, he didn't have the impression that I was a female impersonator," agreed Tressa with a yawn. "But our tales will never cross again. To-morrow I'll leave the bungalow, so to deal addressed to him with my good wishes, something like 'Here's the hair off your head,' or one of those things they say in those other films that take a drink."

It was nearly after that before Sally to tell Tressa, and she did so, telling father fashion on the beach the morning Anita, heating on the Prince's arm and her own seems to linger in that little room with him. But she had the concentration sensation that she could never have told Tressa. That wise young woman seemed to know everything, whether you said it or not.

The next day along toward noon Sally went with the Prince to the office of a squat little man who looked like a Mexican. There she made a statement regarding her experience with the dying bandit, with the two prisoners the night before, and left General Delivery, Hollywood, as her address.

It was but difficult and it was soon over. All through it however Sally kept wondering why she was treated with such respect, why no one questioned the Prince's name and why these men seemed to defer to him and act as though, as Tressa said later, he owned the town.

Sally and the Prince had little to say to each other. Now and then she caught him looking at her with a kind of quizzical amusement which made her writhe with anger, but their old easy camaraderie was gone.

It could never return again. And soon now this young man who did not want her, who had set her politely aside as that she might have a career, would merely hop another freight and go wandering on without her.

"You may have to appear against those men. I'm sorry." The Prince told her as he left her at the door of the hotel in the blazing afternoon sunshine. "But at any rate, everything will be attended to now and they'll nab this other bird before long. There'll be a reward, Sally. I feel sure. From the authorities back East and Tyson. The people he were robbed."

Rewards just the were the last thing Sally Nylon desired. She went up to her room and stripped to her silk underwear and lay flat on the sagging bed, where Sonia lay asleep. Everyone in the town was asleep at that hour it seemed, but she did not wish to be.

She willed to store up more golden moments with the Prince. She had no half enough to remember, but he had probably gone off somewhere with Stocky. At twilight they would resume their journey. And soon now, it would be ended. She would have to earn a living. She would have to forget the Road. And like and the friendly hobos.

Tressa had not left her bed that day. "I expect to stay right here, kid," she told Sally early that morning, "and so would you if you had any sense. Let the Prince deal with the mighty law. He can deal with anything, that lad. I think, myself, he discovered America. But me, I don't expect to see a real bed for a good while yet, and maybe after we get one in Hollywood we'll lose it. No saying."

And so Sally lay there in the heat, with the shades drawn and a few flies droning sleepily against the worn screens, and thought her long thoughts and finally fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

To Be Continued Next Sunday

Copyright, 1936, by Madeleine Sharpe Buchanan. All Rights Reserved.

DOES YOUR PIPE "Go Strong" HALF WAY DOWN THE BOWL?

DOES YOUR PIPE taste sweet and mild half way down the bowl, then become bitter and strong? If so, we have BIG NEWS for you. There's a new tobacco today that's cut and processed to burn with uniform sweetness and mildness all the way down to the heel of your pipe. It's Edgeworth Junior—an extremely mild, FREE-BURNING blend of fine Burley tobaccos for pipe or cigarettes. Try the new EDGEWORTH JUNIOR today.

NOTICE. There's an every smoker. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice for the steady pipe smoker. and Edgeworth Junior, a different cut and process. for the man who smokes both pipe and cigarettes.

50¢ SILK TOBACCO POUCH 10¢

—and one inside white parchment wrapper from one tin of the new Edgeworth Junior. We're offering these rainbow-striped silk pouches just to persuade you to try the new Edgeworth Junior. Offer good only 30 days after this advertisement appears. Use coupon at the right.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Larus & Bro. Co. (Dept. 50), Richmond, Va.
Enclosed find 10 cents and one inside white parchment wrapper from a tin of Edgeworth Junior for which send me a rainbow-striped silk tobacco pouch. (Only 10¢ to a customer.)
Name
Address
City State
This offer good only through Sept. 5, 1936.

GUILTY?

DON'T GAMBLE! GET THE ONLY TIRE WITH GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION!

Driver: "What a fool I was to try to squeeze a few more miles out of these tires. They won't find me guilty of gambling on blow-outs from now on."

* * *

Are *your* tires safe? Do you realize what havoc *one* blow-out can play with life, limb, car, and pocketbook? You be the judge and jury. Decide now whether *real* blow-out protection isn't a better investment than trying to squeeze a few hundred more miles out of tires that might blow out. Thousands are killed or injured in blow-out accidents every year.

Here's why tires blow out

You know that 40—50—60 miles an hour is nothing for today's cars. But do you know that these high speeds generate terrific heat *inside* the tire? That's exactly what happens. Then rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister forms. You don't know it. You can't see it because it's inside the tire. You speed on. And all the time this invisible menace to your life is growing Bigger and BIGGER until, sooner or later, BANG! A blow-out! And after you've recovered from the shock the first thing you're likely to say is "no more tire gambling for me."

Don't wait to see how serious and costly a blow-out can be before you equip your car with Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires. Silvertowns have something that no other tire in the world has—the Life-Saver Golden Ply—a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat, the amazing Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

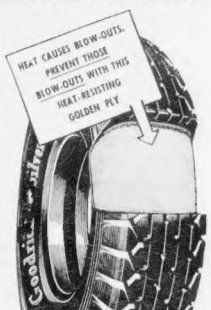
Another life-saving feature

Goodrich Silvertowns also have a specially-designed tread. Big center ribs, that act like the windshield wiper on your car, sweep away water at the first sign of a skid, giving the big double outer rows of husky Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip. That's why Silvertowns also make you safer on wet, slippery roads.

That's not all. Riding on Silvertowns means you'll not only enjoy greater safety—greater riding comfort—but that you'll also get *months* of extra trouble-free mileage.

Priced to save you money

Remember, safe motoring depends on safe tires. Don't take chances! See your Goodrich dealer about a set of Silvertowns and have Golden Ply blow-out protection on your car. And, don't forget, Goodrich Silvertowns cost much less than other super-quality tires.



FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving in the Goodrich goal for 1936. Prove that you want accidents prevented. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—free—a handsome emblem with a red crystal reflector to protect you if your taillight fails.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

Recipes Readers Request

Vegetable Cups.

EIGHT small green peppers, 2 cups chopped mushrooms, 2 cups creamy peas, 2 teaspoons scraped onion or onion juice, 2 eggs, ½ cup butter, ½ cup fine bread crumbs. Remove all seeds and fibres from peppers from stem ends, invert in cold water 1 hour, then drain dry. Cook mushrooms in butter until tender but not brown. Add peas, crumbs, onion juice and beaten eggs, salt and pepper to mushrooms, and stuff into pepper shells. Cover tops with more buttered crumbs. Bake slowly moderate heat, about 25 deg. 30 minutes, basting frequently with melted butter. Serve as main dish. Serves 6 to 8.

Macaroni Cheese Platter.

RIPE tomatoes, 2 tablespoons shortening, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 cup water, salt, pepper, 1 cup sharp cheese cut in small pieces, 1 package macaroni. Cook macaroni and drain, keeping hot. Fry tomatoes in skillet and arrange fried rings around edges of large platter. To grease remaining in pan, add flour, shortening and milk diluted with water. Stir to a smooth cream gravy. Season, stir in cheese and allow to melt. When sauce is well blended and very hot, pour over macaroni in center of fried tomato rings and serve. Serves 6.

Cream Banana Sherbet.

SIX large ripe bananas, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 3 cups water, juice 1 lemon, 1 cup whipping cream. Boil sugar, orange and lemon juice and water together for 10 minutes until it forms a light thin syrup. Press bananas through a sieve and add to syrup. Cool. Turn into freezing tray of refrigerator. When frozen to a mush, add the whipped cream, beat well, and finish freezing. Serves 6 to 8.

Lima Bean Ritz Salad.

ONE cup lima or butter beans, cooked, 1 cup tart apples, diced, 1 cup heart celery, diced, ½ cup nuts, chopped, 6 sweet pickles, chopped, ¼ cup French dressing, lettuce, Russian dressing. Combine beans, apples, celery and pickles and toss in French dressing; allowing to chill in it for 1 hour. When ready to serve, drain off excess oil. Place on nest of lettuce leaves and serve with Russian dressing. Serves 6 portions.

Stuffed Cucumber Salad.

TWO medium cucumbers, 3 ounces cream cheese, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pimento, French dressing, heart lettuce. Cut cucumbers in half crosswise and scoop out pulp. Chop pulp very fine. Mash cream cheese with salt, pepper, lemon juice. Combine with chopped cucumber pulp and pack into shells. Arrange stuffed cucumbers upright, garnish with heart lettuce and put star of pimiento on top of each. Pass additional dressing separately.

Exquisite but not Expensive

CHERAMY

April Showers Talc

It's *thrilling* to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It's *exciting* to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth!" And it's *satisfying* to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

© 1936 — American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Look 10 Years Younger This Easy Way!

Edna Wallace Hopper . . . Who at Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl . . . Discloses Another of Her Startling Youth Revelations

I am past sixty, says Edna Wallace Hopper, yet boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been hooked from one theatre to the other as "The one woman in the world who never grew old." People can't believe I'm over thirty. As a grandmother's age, I still enjoy all the thrills of youth.

Now let me tell you how I do it. Follow it and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes.

It is the discovery of a Parisian French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be artificially recompiled to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25, most women were deficient in certain particular oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And from his available scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is smear it on your face like a cold cream. *But, don't rub it off.* Let it stay on. Then watch! Your skin will absorb every bit of it, literally drink in the youth oils it contains! It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. Lines and hollow places soon go. You look years younger after the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

ZIP HAIR REMOVER
THE NEW Odorless CREAM
LUX FACIAL TOILETRIE
Actually gets rid of Hair!

Millions of women have longed for a depilatory which contained no sulphides, no offensive odors, a depilatory that can be used as freely on the face as on the legs.

Here it is! Simply spread on ZIP Facial Hair Remover where hair is to be eliminated, wait one minute, then instantly get rid of every trace of hair. Ask dealer or write Madame Berthe, 565 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

Avoid Heat in Your Summer Cooking

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WINDOWS open to the breeze, a well-aired dining room or other eating location, and freedom from all useless heat or smell is the best welcome home in hot weather to the working members of the family who may have had to make a fatiguing trip in subway, train or trolley.

This ideal is very easy to attain—even for the woman who does all of her own work—by means of good planning and a wise, careful choice of dishes and foods. How often has it been said that cool foods have as much nutriment and value as the same foods served hot. If this is true, then instead of frying, roasting and stewing, we can follow recipes which call for precooking in the early hours of the morning, or such dishes as require the very minimum of direct heat in any case.

Here the fireless cooker, the electric cooker and casserole, the steamer, and various other appliances of these keep-cool types will be of great value. One of the newest small portable ovens, electrically operated, will give all the benefits of large-oven cooking to such dishes as casserole vegetable dishes and the many variations of the au gratin grill.

As she already wisely knows, the homemaker can "cook with cold" in the refrigerator, and hence make up meat and vegetable gelatins, meat loaves and similar dishes which require only several hours' chilling to perfect them. The accompanying recipes for jellied tomato salad, tomato ham salad loaf, etc., are all of this type.

A great many Summer vegetables are far more delicious if cooked in the casserole manner, early in the day, while washing up the breakfast, or certainly, at latest, the lunch dishes. Squash surprise is as given in the recipes, a dish of this kind, where squash is blended with tomatoes and cheese, and baked to a slow deliciousness.

All these casserole recipes may be baked electrically just before the evening meal hour, and still not heat up the entire kitchen. Baked stuffed tomatoes, stuffed baked peppers, corn pudding, etc., are all of this simple general class, and very easy to cook without excess heat in the room.

A hearty salad is another suggestion for the main Summer supper dish. Accompanied by a cup of hot bouillon, and a dessert, the substantial salad bowl is a prize way to avoid all meal-hour cooking odors. Eggs, salmon, crabmeat and other single and simple but nourishing foods may be made into salads which are so appetizing and so zestful that no other main dish is required. The egg-avocado salad here given is a suggestion. Crabmeat cutlets are excellent. The housewife has her own pet tomato surprise recipes which combine a protein food with the refreshing chill of the tomato cup and a tangy dressing.

Sandwiches are another means of avoiding the dinner-hour heat-wave. These may be either a substantial sandwich, preceded by a cup of hot clam or other broth, or a hot sandwich made on the hostess' own electric grill. The toasted sandwich is just as suitable for the Summer supper as for the Winter snack. A sandwich with a hot sauce is always liked by the men of the family, and novel suggestions are a shrimp toasted, a hot crabmeat toasted, liver and bacon supreme.

Many Summer vegetables may be so handled as to form a whole meal-in-one. Fried tomatoes for example, now at the top of their season, when fried with bacon, or bits of ham, and covered with a thick cream gravy, are hearty enough for the hungriest appetite. Corn pudding is very rich in calories. Eggplant, green peppers, tomatoes, corn, cabbage, etc., all lend themselves to use with bread crumbs and the addition of cheese. The adding of but ½ cup of grated or finely cut cheese to a vegetable dish at once increases its food value.

Macaroni, noodles, spaghetti are also among the preferred Summer dishes, if they are not used as accessory, but as main meals in themselves. Thus, the macaroni cheese platter recipe given on another page aptly points this idea.

Many such dishes can also be cooked in the morning, allowed to set and season, then be warmed up later, over-steam. This method prevents the extreme drying out which a second oven re-warming gives the dish.

Desserts of the fruit or frozen kinds are, of course, "naturals" for the cooler supper. But just as satisfactory are a few of the baked fruit "bettys," dumplings and light baked puddings which may be prepared in advance. The use of a few flavor in fruits will often totally change the recipe, thus using blueberries in a bread pudding or "betty" makes it into quite another dish.

Indeed, Summer is the time for new flavors of all kinds. The reason—or one reason at least—why Summer dishes often seem repetitive is because the foods are always cooked the same way and with the same seasonings. But suppose you try curry powder on creamed potatoes? Or mint leaves with glazed carrots? Or lime juice with honeydew melon? Or olives with tomatoes? Or horseradish with salmon?

Or, instead of having the main dish on a platter, and potatoes in one separate dish and some vegetable in another, why not try combining all the foods into a single flavored whole? The writer once talked with an explorer, who, among other things, expounded the ideal of Chinese cookery—to so group and combine all the ingredients that the eater is enjoying, as it were, a symphony of foods and flavors, in one.

Asia, too, the French world-famous for cooking—*seldom* serve large joints of meat whole, with disassociated potatoes and vegetables. They are all cleverly blended, gravy, cooking liquors and all, as a single perfection.

These food ideals of other lands might well be adopted by the Summer hostess who can thus relieve herself of many cooking worries, many pots and pans, and extra table setting.

Tasty Summer Recipes

Jellied Salmon With Cucumber Sauce.

USE double boiler. Blend together 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, with ¼ cup vinegar. Add the lightly beaten yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, and 1 cup of milk. Cook, stirring constantly until creamy and thick. Add 1 tablespoon gelatin which has been soaked 5 minutes in 2 tablespoons cold water. Strain. Add 1 pound can of salmon, picked over and flaked, draining off excess oil. Pack mixture into fish-shaped mold and chill. Serve with sauce made by blending ½ pint cream, whipped, and added to 2 cups finely chopped and chilled cucumber pulp. Serves 4 to 6.

Jellied Tomato Salad.

COOK together 1 can tomatoes, 1 slice onion, 1 stalk celery, 1 sprig parsley, 2 whole cloves, grains allspice, and 3 drops Tabasco sauce, until water is evaporated and there is 1 cup of mixture left. Strain through sieve. There should be 1 cup of seasoned puree (1 cup of any seasoned tomato soup or juice may be used). Add ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains of paprika. Fold in 1 cup of cream, whipped. Turn into small individual molds rinsed with oil. Freeze in freezing tray of refrigerator. Freeze 4 hours. Unmold, garnish with heart lettuce and sliced rings of ripe olives. Serves 4.

Tomato Ham Salad Loaf.

TWO cups tomato juice or puree; 1 small onion, grated; 1 teaspoon sugar, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons gelatin, ½ cup cold water, 1 cup cooked ham minced fine, mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 cup cream cheese, 2 tablespoons sour cream, ½ teaspoon salt, salad dressing. Simmer soup with onion, sugar, salt and pepper, 5 minutes. Add gelatin which has been soaked 5 minutes in cold water, and blend well. Divide into 3 bowls and cool. Mix ham with mustard and enough mayonnaise to moisten. Beat sour cream into cream cheese with salt.

Lightly grease with oil a brick or loaf pan, wiping out excess oil with paper napkin. Place on chopped ice. Pour in one part of tomato mixture and allow to set firm. Spread with minced ham, and add second portion of tomato mixture. Set again. Cover with cream cheese, add remaining third of tomato and set. Unmold carefully and garnish with lettuce hearts, strips of pimiento and olives. Pass mayonnaise with horseradish beaten in just before serving. Serves 6 to 8.

Coupe Cuba.

TWO cups honeydew melon diced, 1 tablespoon confectioner's sugar, grains salt, 1 teaspoon lime juice, 1 pint vanilla ice cream, 1 cup red currant jelly, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. This must be mixed just before serving: have melon well-chilled and sprinkle with sugar, salt and lime juice. Place a small amount in sherbet glass and cover with ice cream. Pour over currant jelly, melted over hot water and blended with lemon juice. Serve instantly. Serves 6 portions.

Grapemint Shake.

FOR each tall glass of beverage desired, allow as follows: 3 leaves mint, 2 tablespoons grape-juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, cracked ice, charged water. Crush mint and put into tall glass with fruit juices. Add cracked ice and fill with charged water.

Egg and Avocado Salad Bowl.

ROQUEFORT cheese, 1 head lettuce shredded, 3 hard-cooked eggs, 1 large avocado, French dressing, garlic. Rub salad bowl with garlic and crumble in the Roquefort cheese (1 thin slice). Add shredded lettuce and the eggs sliced in thick rounds, with the avocado in thin match-like strips. Pour over freshly made French dressing and toss lightly with salad fork and spoon. Serve well chilled.

Squash Surprise.

USE tender yellow crook-neck squash. Grate the rinds, remove most of the seeds, then dice pulp neatly. There should be just 6 cups. Place in a well greased glass baking dish with 2 cups of tomatoes cut into thick chunks. Add ½ cup grated sharp cheese, 1 tablespoon granulated tapioca, 2 tablespoons butter, salt, and white pepper. Mix lightly with fork. Bake in moderate oven, or at about 325 deg., 1 hour, stirring once or twice during baking. Just before serving sprinkle with additional grated cheese and run under broiler to brown.

Chocolate Wafer Ice Box Cake.

ONE tall can chocolate wafers, 2 cups whipping cream. Beat 1 cup cream stiff and spread on wafers. Stack wafers one on top of the other and lay flat down on platter. Set in refrigerator for 24 hours. About 5 hours before serving time, whip second cup of cream stiff, and then cover entire roll with it. Return to refrigerator to chill thoroughly. When serving, cut roll on diagonal. (Ginger snaps or vanilla wafers may be used). Serves 8.

Cherry Snow.

TWO tablespoons gelatin, 4 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups boiling water, juice 2 lemons, 2 cups fresh pitted black or oxheart cherries cut into pieces. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Dissolve in boiling water and add sugar. Add lemon juice, strain, and cool. When cool, whip with rotary beater until frothy and light. Fold in cut cherries. Cool in one large fancy mold. Serves 6 to 8.

"I'M FANCY FREE"

Bill's ready for his big date—feeling like a million!

There's nothing like a Lux Toilet Soap shower for setting a young man up! This grand white soap leaves you *clean* and then some. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, removes stale perspiration, dust and dirt. That's why you feel so much better—and look it!

Lux Toilet Soap lathers *quickly*—the rich, full lather a man *needs*.

Nurse Tells How to Relieve Severe Itching

"Bathe the affected surface carefully with hot water and Resinol Soap. Pat dry and apply Resinol Ointment generously. I have used this treatment often and have seen it relieve very stubborn cases of eczema suffering." It subdues the itching quickly, and is kind to tender skin. Resinol Ointment and Soap are sold by all druggists. For free sample write Resinol, Dept. 8Z, Baltimore, Md.

RED BLOOD SHOT EYES!

MADE CLEAR IN SECONDS

At last! Bloodshot eyes *cleared* . . . made milk-white, sparkling! Druggist refunds money if one application of new, scientific EYE-GENE fails. *Fast* . . . works in seconds! Stainless . . . safe as water. Almost *instant* test for tired, strained, itching, smarting eyes. Thousands switching from boric and other old-fashioned solutions. At all drug and department stores.

EYE-GENE

FRECKLES DISAPPEAR in 5 to 10 days

Don't worry over unsightly freckles. Here's a new way to remove them quickly and gently while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Then watch freckles disappear, usually in 5 to 10 days. Your skin is cleared, freckleless, lovelier, satin-smooth. NADINOLA Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a laboratory with over 50 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters. Or send 10c and Coupon to NADINOLA, Box 275, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

Edi Day of The Month
I D of Freedom

free from **DISCOMFORT**
free from **EMBARRASSMENT**

ALL THE WORLD is talking of this new emancipation of women. A new type of sanitary protection, worn *internally*. Thousands of women have already tried it and are enthusiastic.

Your doctor will be the first to recommend Tampax. He will tell you that the medical world has long been familiar with the tampon for internal absorption, but that only recently TAMPAX has been perfected for regular monthly use . . . and that Tampax has been accepted for advertising by the American Medical Association.

Tampax is hygienic, sanitary, making daintiness possible at all times. It is simple, easy to use. It affords safe and complete sanitary protection, *yet you are totally unconscious of its presence.*

No pins. No belts. No pads. Tampax eliminates chafing, irritation, discomfort, embarrassment. Tampax eliminates odor, *because it prevents its formation.* Tampax stays in place through the most strenuous activities, yet can be removed in a moment's time.

A month's supply comes in a purse-size package. You can buy Tampax at drug and department stores everywhere. Complete instructions for use are included in every package. Package of ten, 35¢.

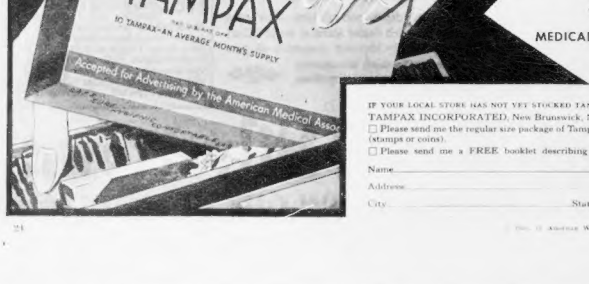
Exclusive Advantages of Tampax—

The absorbent Tampax is sealed in an individual wrapper. It is applied with an applicator. The fingers never touch it. Easier to use, daintiness is always assured, and there is no doubt about effective protection and comfort.

Tampax cannot come apart. It is made of specially compressed, highly absorbent, pure, long-fibred surgical cotton. Though very small when inserted, on contact with moisture it gently expands so that, although you are completely unconscious of it, one Tampax will absorb one to two ounces, the equivalent of a third of a glass of water.

FOR PHYSICIANS

You have probably read about Tampax in the medical journals or are completely familiar with it through your hospital or some other source. If, however, you would like to know more about Tampax we will gladly send you literature and information as described in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Address: Tampax Incorporated, New Brunswick, New Jersey.


Worn Internally
TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Accepted for Advertising by the American Medical Association

ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING BY THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

IF YOUR LOCAL STORE HAS NOT YET STOCKED TAMPAX
TAMPAX INCORPORATED, New Brunswick, New Jersey
☐ Please send me the regular size package of Tampax. Enclosed is 35¢ (stamps or coins).
☐ Please send me a FREE booklet describing Tampax in detail.
Name
Address
City State
AW-2

"FLEAS... all dead"

CHEMIST REPORTS SKIP-FLEA KILLS ALL FLEAS

"We have witnessed the application of Sergeant's Skip Flea Soap on a flea-infested dog, and made microscopic examination of the dead remaining on and taken from the dog after the bath. We found every flea dead, the bottom of the bathing basin with dead fleas and many floating on top, all dead. Sergeant's Skip Flea Soap is perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin."
Trothling & Robertson
Analytical Chemists

HERE'S actual proof that Skip-Flea will free your dog of fleas. Don't use ordinary soap on your dog. It dries and irritates his skin. Use "Skip-Flea." It soothes flea bites, destroys dog odor, keeps coat in top condition AND KILLS EVERY FLEA.

OF use the powerful "Skip-Flea Powder." Easy to apply. Big, sifter top tins. It doesn't just *stun* fleas. Guaranteed to kill them.

Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA SOAP AND POWDER

Write for your free copy of Sergeant's famous book on the care of dogs. It may save your dog's life. Write today.

Sergeant's Products are made of the finest ingredients. Standard since 1870. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Free Advice. Our Veterinarian will answer questions about your dog's health. Write fully, giving all symptoms.

Pdk Miller Products Corporation
2101 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Copyright 1932 by The American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

This single cream contains everything your skin needs to keep it velvety-smooth, fine-textured and young. It actually absorbs the half-dead, sluggish outer skin. Blemishes disappear.

Mercolized Wax gives your skin all the loveliness and beauty it is possible for your skin to possess. Its combined cleansing, clearing, softening, beautifying action takes the place of numerous beauty aids. Simply put it on at night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep.

Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

Try Phelactine

THE "different" hair remover. Takes off unwanted hair quickly and gently. Leaves the skin smooth, soft and hair-free. Simple to use. Odorless.

Use Saxolite Astringent

A REFRESHING, stimulating skin tonic. Dissolve it in witch hazel. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines large pores. Eliminates oiliness. Prevents blackheads. *At all drug and department stores.*

IN SUNBURN AGONY? RELIEVE IT QUICK

When your shoulders are blistered, nose peeling, legs on fire, arms all aflame, gently bathe the scorched parts with cooling, taming ANORMYNE in. You can feel the flame cool away. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Economical to use, little goes far.

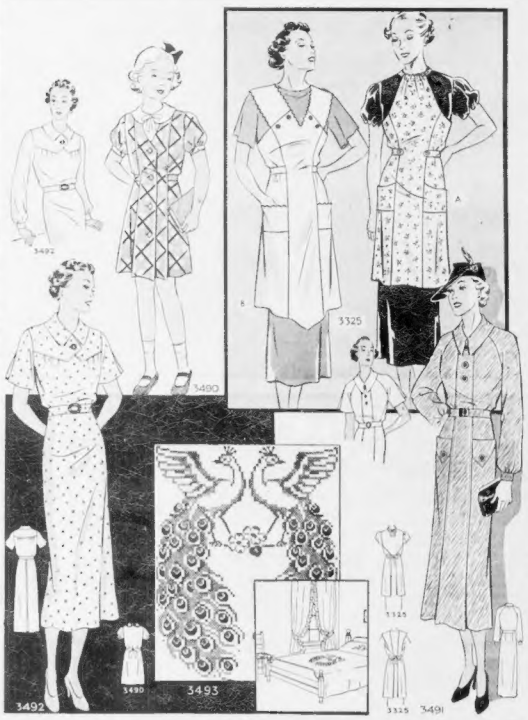
ABSORBINE JR.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Orange Juice.	Grapefruit.	Stewed Prunes.	Grapes.	Cantaloupe.	Grapefruit Juice.	Ripe Pears.
Whole Grain Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.
Rolled Omelet (Any Desired Filling).	Broiled Dried Beef.	French Toast.	Scrambled Eggs.	Poached Egg.	Toasted Cheese Bread.	Soft Cooked Eggs.
Toast.	Banana Popovers.	Bacon.	Spiced Fruit Muffins.	Melba Toast.	Coffee.	Tea Biscuits.
Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Baked Corned Beef Hash.	*Dinner (Company)*
Deviled Salmon with Toast Points.	Broiled Eggplant.	Ginger Ale Cocktail.	Mixed Fruit Salad.	Jellied Apple and Tuna Fish Salad.	Apple Sauce.	Sauerkraut Cocktail.
Tomato and Cucumber Salad.	Creamed Corn.	Spaghetti Italienne.	Lettuce and Peanut Butter Sandwiches.	Hot Tomato Ice	Spinach.	Chicken Salad.
Salad Dressing.	Beef Salad with Chopped Cucumber and Chives.	Ten-Minute Cabbage.	Brownies.	Box Rolls.	Chocolate Cup Cakes with Orange Sauce.	Barbecued Frankfurters.
Peach Shortcake.	Salad Dressing.	Grated Carrot Salad.	Iced Tea.	Prune Whip with Custard Sauce.	Iced Tea.	Tomatoes.
Iced Coffee.	Fruit Fingers.	Lemon Dressing.	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Coffee or Fruit Juice.	Cucumbers.
Dinner	*Dinner*	Banana Trifle.	Roast Sirloin Tip of Beef.	Cheese Soufflé.	*Dinner*	Spiced Peaches.
Broiled Beef Balls with Marjoram.	Chilled Lime and Raspberry Juice.	*Dinner*	Brown Gravy.	Buttered Noodles.	Vegetable Platter.	Ice Box Rolls.
Chiffonade Green Salad with Currant Dressing.	Cold Tongue.	Cold or Hot Consomme (Left-Overs).	Franconia Potatoes.	String Bean, Cucumber and Asparagus Salad.	Scrambled Eggs with Anchovy.	Peach Surprise Pudding.
Graham Cracker Ice Box Cake.	Potato Salad.	Stuffed Meat Loaf.	Mustard or Horseradish Sauce.	Frozen Fruit Cookies.	Green Bouquet Salad.	*Supper*
	Cole Slaw.	Glazed Sweet Potatoes.	Sunshine Salad.		Lemon French Dressing.	Sandwiches.
	Apple Sauce.	Raw Vegetable Bouquet Salad.	Fresh Dressing.		Watermelon.	Chilled Baked Apples with Raisins and Nuts.
	Gingerbread with Frozen Whipped Cream.	Fruit Compote.	Fruit Sherbet.			Cookies.
						Iced Cocoa or Punch.

American Weekly Patterns



THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

PATTERN 3490—BACK TO SCHOOL GOES THIS YOUTHFUL BUTTON-FRONT FROCK, MADE DOUBLY PRACTICAL BY A DETACHABLE GUIMPE. IDEAL IN GAY GINGHAM. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch fabric and ¾ yards 36-inch contrasting blouse.

Pattern 3325—AS CLEVER AND PRACTICAL A PAIR OF APRONS AS EVER CAME FROM ONE EASY PATTERN. "A" BOASTS A COMFY HALTER NECK, WHILE "B" IS GAY WITH RIC-RAC TRIM. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch fabric for each apron. Apron "B" requires 2½ yards edging.

Pattern 3492—ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR ALL-OCCASION WEAR IS THIS WELL-TAILORED FROCK WITH LOONG OR SHORT SLEEVES. NOVEL YOKE AND PLATTERING YOUNG COLLAR. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3493—LOVELY PEACOCKS IN GAY CROSS-STITCH GRACE THIS EASILY EMBROIDERED BED SPREAD AND BOLSTER. Pattern contains bedspread and additional motifs for scarfs, etc. Crosses 5 and 10 to the inch. Lovely in a variety of colors. Large motif measures, 15x18½ inches; two and two reverse motifs, 4x4½ inches.

Pattern 3491—WHEN FROST NIPS THE AIR, YOU'LL WANT THIS TRIM SPORTS FROCK WITH SMART FRONT PANEL, GRACEFUL RAGLAN SLEEVES AND POINTED POCKETS. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15c in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern and address your envelope to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

This new Cream Deodorant

STOPS PERSPIRATION—
DRIES INSTANTLY

- Cooling—Refreshing—Soothing
- Easy to apply—no fuss
- Non-greasy—won't stain clothing
- Protects completely 1 to 3 days

A touch of Odorono Ice under your arm—and you're completely protected from *perspiration and odor* from 1 to 3 days. No fussing. No waiting to dry. No grease to get on clothes. 80% of the women who have tried Odorono Ice prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! The New-Day Cream for *complete* underarm freshness.

At all Toilet Goods Departments.

ODO-RO-NO ICE 35¢
NON-GREASY

Wedding Bouquet Pot Pourri

CAREFULLY dry white flowers or any flowers from wedding bouquet. Place in clear glass jar. Carefully place sand-dried, white pansies, paper white narcissus, etc., in jar, having faces of flowers smoothly pressed against the glass. Place a few whole and dried flowers in the top of the jar if there is an opening. Any favorite fragrance or combination of fragrances may be used. With white flowers the following is a delicious combination: 10 drops oil of jasmine, ¼ teaspoon coumarin, ⅛ teaspoon musk ambrette, ¼ teaspoon vanillan, ¼ teaspoon nu tonka and ⅛ teaspoon musk xylol. Add to the flowers in the jar and cover closely. This is a romantic addition to your collection.

Favorites in Many Kitchens

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Peach Mangoes.

SELECT 18 fine large white clearstone peaches. Wash but do not remove skin. Carefully cut a piece from each peach so that stones may be removed without spoiling the shape of the peaches. Replace the cut portions. Put the peaches in a large bowl and cover them with boiling salted water, using about 1 tablespoon salt to 1½ quarts water. Cover with a plate and let stand overnight. Drain and place in fresh cold water. Let stand about 10 minutes. Drain and dry on clean towel. Mix 2 tablespoons white mustard seed and ⅓ teaspoon salt, add a little boiling water and let stand 10 minutes. Drain and add 2 tablespoons freshly grated horseradish root, ¼ cup chopped candied ginger, 1 stick of cinnamon and about 18 cloves. Use this mixture to fill the cavities in the peaches, and with a coarse white thread sew the cut sections of the peach over the cavities and tie the threads to keep the peaches whole. Place in a sterilized jar. Boil 1 pound sugar with 1½ quarts vinegar until thick and pour boiling hot over the peaches. Seal as usual.

Onion Relish.

REMOVE seeds from 6 green and 6 sweet red peppers. Chop fine. Peel 6 white onions and chop fine with 3 tablespoons minced parsley (omit parsley unless you are sure you like it); add peppers and cover with boiling water. Cover with a plate and let stand 5 minutes. Drain well. Add 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons salt and 2 cups vinegar. Boil about 30 minutes. Seal in sterilized jars.

Sweet Pickled Peaches.

MIX 3 pounds sugar and 1 pint vinegar and bring to boiling point. Add spice bag containing 1 tablespoon mace, 1 tablespoon allspice, a piece of cinnamon and 5 or 6 cloves. Have ready 6 pounds pared peaches. Drop peaches, a few at a time, into the boiling syrup. When a wooden skewer may be stuck easily into the peaches remove from the syrup and pack into sterilized jars. Boil syrup until thick and pour over the peaches. Seal as usual.

Dill Pickles.

CAREFULLY select and wash good cucumbers about 5 or 6 inches long. Pack them in earthenware jars. Between the layers of cucumbers place a thin layer of dill, using stalks, leaves and seed balls. When all the cucumbers are packed in, cover with salted water (using about 1 pound of salt to 3 pints of water). Place a layer of grape or horseradish leaves on top and weight down with a large earthen plate. Let stand several weeks before serving.

Spiced Currants.

PICK over 7 pounds currants. Wash, drain and remove stems. Put in a large preserving kettle, add 5 pounds brown sugar, 1 pint vinegar, and 3 tablespoons cinnamon and 2 tablespoons cloves tied in a spice bag or a thin piece of muslin. Bring to boiling point and simmer gently about 1½ hours. Store in a sterilized stone jar and keep in a cool place.

India Relish.

HAVE ready 2½ pounds diced watermelon rind (green rind and soft red or white portions removed). Cover with cold salt water, adding ½ cup salt to water to cover the rind. Let stand overnight. Rinse with fresh cold water. Drain, dry on a clean towel and finely chop. Remove seeds from 3 sweet red peppers. Finely chop peppers, 2 small hard white cabbages and 4 or 5 Spanish onions and sprinkle with ½ cup salt and let stand overnight. Drain in a large sieve and squeeze in a jelly bag to remove all liquid. Mix chopped rind and chopped vegetables, add 2 cups light brown sugar, 1 quart vinegar, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon celery seed, 2 tablespoons white mustard seed, 2 teaspoons mustard, 2 teaspoons paprika, 2 teaspoons mace, 2 teaspoons cinnamon and 1 tablespoon salt. Boil about 1 hour or until as thick as desired. Seal in hot sterilized jars.

Green Tomato Pickle.

THINLY slice 24 large green tomatoes and 3 large onion and finely chop 2 seeded green peppers. Have ready ¼ cup salt. Arrange vegetables in alternate layers in a large earthenware crock and sprinkle each layer with the salt. Let stand about 24 hours. Drain. Turn the vegetables into a large preserving kettle, add 1 tablespoon white mustard seed, 1 tablespoon peppercorns, 1 cup light brown sugar and 2 quarts mild vinegar. Cook gently about 1 hour. Pack in hot sterilized jars and seal.

Ripe Cantaloupe Pickles (By Request).

CUT 8 or 10 small cantaloupes (not too ripe) in quarters or eighths. Cover with mild vinegar and let stand 24 hours. Pour off vinegar. To each quart of fresh vinegar add 3 pounds sugar, 3 ounces cinnamon, 2 ounces cloves and 2 ounces allspice. Boil until thick. Skim well and cook melons in the boiling syrup for 20 minutes. Remove melons to sterilized jars. Boil syrup until thick again. Pour the boiling syrup over the melons and seal as usual.

End of Season Pickles.

MIX 2 bunches finely chopped celery, 3 finely chopped sweet red peppers, 3 finely chopped green peppers, 1 quart ripe tomatoes, 2 quarts sliced green tomatoes, 1 small finely chopped hard cabbage, 1 chopped cucumber and 2 finely chopped onions with ⅛ cup salt. Let stand in earthenware or china bowl overnight. Drain well, add 1½ quarts good vinegar, 2 pounds light brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard and 1 teaspoon white pepper and cook gently until clear. Seal in sterilized jars.

Brandied Peaches.

CAREFULLY wash 1 peck of fine peaches. Remove skins. Weigh peaches. Have ready half their weight in sugar. Arrange alternate layers of the peaches and sugar in a large stone jar. Add 1 quart good alcohol or brandy. Cover closely, having a thick piece of cloth under cover of jar.

Free to You!

Add Variety and Interest TO YOUR MENUS

The new edition of "RICE—200 Delightful Ways to Serve It" is a revelation in new things to serve! How many ways have you ever served Rice? Well, think of it—there are 200 ways presented in this colorful book! And in shows you how to cook Rice with snowy-white distinct grains—full flavored and delicious! But *get this important point*—the big news in this book tells how to *extend the flavor* of costlier foods with Rice! More varied menus—at lower cost! Variety—interest economy—yes, plus quick energy and easy digestibility!

Try SHRIMP CREOLE *Page 14*

RICE WITH POACHED EGG *Page 14*

RICE

EXTENDS THE FLAVOR

Home Economics Department, SOUTHERN RICE INDUSTRY, New Orleans, Louisiana. Please send free book of 200 Delightful Rice Recipes. (Postpaid.) If not to be had free and RICE is a FOOD, Inc., if desired. 23

Name

Address

City

Search this easy sure way. Exact measure, always. Nothing to add. No waiting—yet your iron fairly flies over the fabric. And clothes always have that smooth, satin, store-fresh finish. Insist on the *modern* starch, Staley's CUBES. They cost no more.

Send today for
CLOTHESPIN APRON

Attractive, handy clothespin apron given for one Staley Cube Starch box-top plus 5¢ to help cover mailing. Supply limited. Send today to A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Dept. A8, Decatur, Illinois.

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. You will find an unending stream of thrilling narratives in this great magazine!

Health Protection
FOR CHILDREN'S LAUNDRY!

MOTHERS will confirm the extreme importance of hygienic cleanliness for baby's comfort and health. This means that frocks, nighties, diapers, bibs, sheets and cotton crib covers must be sanitary. In laundering white cottons and linens a mild Clorox solution bleaches, banishes ordinary stains, deodorizes and disinfects in one easy, economical operation. A slightly stronger Clorox solution takes out stubborn stains such as ink, fruit, flower, grass, beverage, medicine, blood—even scorch and mildew.

Clorox also disinfects, deodorizes and removes stains from refrigerators, food containers, drainboards, sinks, bathtubs, basins, toilet bowls, tile, linoleum, sickroom utensils and garbage receptacles.

You'll be amazed to learn the number of ways that Clorox can help you. The label lists many important household and personal uses. Clorox is concentrated for economy. Always order by name. There's only one Clorox.

© 1936, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

ARE THERE ANY "Doubting Thomases" LEFT?

"HOW COME?... 18 TO 24 MILES PER GALLON IN A DODGE?"

Here's How — Motorists all over America have had actual proof of the sensational economy of Dodge. For example, sensational economy of Dodge. For example, sensational economy of Dodge. For example, the sensational economy of Dodge. For example, the sensational economy of Dodge. For example, the